





Jessie Schene

Edinburgh  
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# THE SONG CELESTIAL

*By the same Author*

THE LIGHT OF ASIA : or The Great Renunciation.  
Being the Life and Teaching of Gautama.

THE  
SONG CELESTIAL

OR

*BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ*

(FROM THE MAHÂBHÂRATA)

BEING A DISCOURSE BETWEEN ARJUNA,  
PRINCE OF INDIA, AND THE SUPREME BEING  
UNDER THE FORM OF KRISHNA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT TEXT

BY

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## Dedication

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### TO INDIA

दत्तं वासुदेवस्य पार्थस्य च महामनः ।  
संवादमिममश्रीषमहून्तं रोमहर्षेण ॥  
इति इह ज्ञानसाख्यातं गुह्याङ्गुह्यतरं मया ।  
तेभ्यस्तु न से सिन्धु लदन्यः प्रियतरो भुवि ॥

---

*So have I read this wonderful and spirit-thrilling speech,  
By Krishna and Prince Arjun held, discoursing each with  
each;*

*So have I writ its wisdom here,—its hidden mystery,  
For England; O our India! as dear to me as She!*

EDWIN ARNOLD

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## P R E F A C E

THIS famous and marvellous Sanskrit poem occurs as an episode of the *Mahâbhârata*, in the sixth—or “*Bhishma*”—Parva of the great Hindoo epic. It enjoys immense popularity and authority in India, where it is reckoned as one of the “Five Jewels,”—*pancharatnâni*—of Devanâgiri literature. In plain but noble language it unfolds a philosophical system which remains to this day the prevailing Brahmanic belief, blending as it does the doctrines of Kapila, Patanjali, and the Vedas. So lofty are many of its declarations, so sublime its aspirations, so pure and tender its piety, that Schlegel, after his study of the poem, breaks forth into this outburst of delight and praise towards its unknown author: “*Magistrorum reverentia a Brachmanis inter sanctissima pietatis officia refertur. Ergo te primum, Vates sanctissime, Numinisque hypopheta! quisquis tandem inter mortales dictus tu fueris, carminis hujus auctor, cuius oraculis mens ad excelsa quæque, æterna atque divina, cum inenarrabili quâdam delectatione rapitur—te primum,*

*inquam, salvere jubeo, et vestigia tua semper adoro.*" Lassen re-echoes this splendid tribute ; and indeed, so striking are some of the moralities here inculcated, and so close the parallelism—ofttimes actually verbal—between its teachings and those of the New Testament, that a controversy has arisen between Pandits and Missionaries on the point whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the Evangelists and Apostles from him.

This raises the question of its date, which cannot be positively settled. It must have been inlaid into the ancient epic at a period later than that of the original *Mahâbhârata*, but Mr Kaśinath Telang has offered some fair arguments to prove it anterior to the Christian era. The weight of evidence, however, tends to place its composition at about the third century after Christ ; and perhaps there are really echoes in this Brahmanic poem of the lessons of Galilee, and of the Syrian incarnation.

Its scene is the level country between the Jumna and the Sarsootî rivers—now Kurnul and Jheend. Its simple plot consists of a dialogue held by Prince Arjuna, the brother of King Yudhîsthîra, with Krishna, the Supreme Deity, wearing the disguise of a charioteer. A great battle is impending between the armies of

the Kauravas and Pāndavas, and this conversation is maintained in a war-chariot drawn up between the opposing hosts.

The poem has been turned into French by Burnouf, into Latin by Lassen, into Italian by Stanislav Gatti, into Greek by Galanos, and into English by Mr Thomson and Mr Davies, the prose transcript of the last-named being truly beyond praise for its fidelity and clearness. Mr Telang has also published at Bombay a version in colloquial rhythm, eminently learned and intelligent, but not conveying the dignity or grace of the original. If I venture to offer a translation of the wonderful poem after so many superior scholars, it is in grateful recognition of the help derived from their labours, and because English literature would certainly be incomplete without possessing in popular form a poetical and philosophical work so dear to India.

There is little else to say which the “Song Celestial” does not explain for itself. The Sanskrit original is written in the *Anushtubh* metre, which cannot be successfully reproduced for Western ears. I have therefore cast it into our flexible blank verse, changing into lyrical measures where the text itself similarly breaks. For the most part, I believe the sense to be faithfully preserved in the following pages; but

## PREFACE

Schlegel himself had to say: “*In reconditionibus  
me semper poetæ mentem rectè divinasse affirmare  
non ausim.*” Those who would read more upon  
the philosophy of the poem may find an admirable  
introduction in the volume of Mr Davies, printed  
by Messrs Trübner & Co.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE DISTRESS OF ARJUNA . . . . .	1
II. THE BOOK OF DOCTRINES . . . . .	7
III. VIRTUE IN WORK . . . . .	17
IV. THE RELIGION OF KNOWLEDGE . . . . .	23
V. RELIGION OF RENOUNCING WORKS . . . . .	29
VI. RELIGION BY SELF-RESTRAINT . . . . .	34
VII. RELIGION BY DISCERNMENT . . . . .	40
VIII. RELIGION BY SERVICE OF THE SUPREME	45
IX. RELIGION BY THE KINGLY KNOWLEDGE AND THE KINGLY MYSTERY . . . . .	49
X. RELIGION BY THE HEAVENLY PERFECTIONS	55
XI. THE MANIFESTING OF THE ONE AND MANIFOLD . . . . .	62
XII. RELIGION OF FAITH . . . . .	77
XIII. RELIGION BY SEPARATION OF MATTER AND SPIRIT . . . . .	80
XIV. RELIGION BY SEPARATION FROM THE QUALITIES . . . . .	85
XV. RELIGION BY ATTAINING THE SUPREME	89

## CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XVI. THE SEPARATENESS OF THE DIVINE AND UNDIVINE . . . . .	93
XVII. RELIGION BY THE THREEFOLD FAITH .	97
XVIII. RELIGION BY DELIVERANCE AND RE- NUNCIATION . . . . .	101

# THE SONG CELESTIAL;

OR,

## BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ

---

### CHAPTER I

*Dhritirashtra.* Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain—

On Kurukshetra—say, Sanjaya ! say  
What wrought my people, and the Pandavas ?

*Sanjaya.* When he beheld the host of Pandavas,  
Raja Duryôdhana to Drona drew,  
And spake these words : “Ah, Guru ! see this  
line,

How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men,  
Embattled by the son of Drupada,  
Thy scholar in the war ! Therein stand ranked  
Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhima chiefs,  
Binders of bows ; Virâta, Yuyudhân,  
Drupada, eminent upon his car,  
Dhrishtaket, Chekitân, Kaśî’s stout lord,  
Purujit, Kuntibhôj, and Śaivya,  
With Yudhâmanyu, and Uttamauj  
Subhadra’s child ; and Drupadi’s ;—all famed !  
All mounted on their shining chariots !

## THE SONG CELESTIAL

On our side, too,—thou best of Brahmans! see  
 Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line,  
 Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first,  
 Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight,  
 Vikarna, Aśwatthāman; next to these  
 Strong Saumadatti, with full many more  
 Valiant and tried, ready this day to die  
 For me their king, each with his weapon grasped,  
 Each skilful in the field. Weakest—meseems—  
 Our battle shows where Bhishma holds command,  
 And Bhima, fronting him, something too strong!  
 Have care our captains nigh to Bhishma's ranks  
 Prepare what help they may! Now, blow my  
 shell! ”

Then, at the signal of the aged king,  
 With blare to wake the blood, rolling around  
 Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter  
 Blew the great Conch; and, at the noise of it,  
 Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns  
 Burst into sudden clamour; as the blasts  
 Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!  
 Then might be seen, upon their car of gold  
 Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-  
 shells,  
 Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side:  
 Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch  
 Carved of the “Giant's bone;” Arjuna blew  
 Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible—  
 Wolf-bellied Bhima—blew a long reed-conch;  
 And Yudhisthira, Kunti's blameless son,  
 Winded a mighty shell, “Victory's Voice;”

And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch  
 Named the “Sweet-sounding,” Sahadev on his  
 Called “Gem-bedecked,” and Kaśi’s Prince on his.  
 Sikhandi on his car, Dhrishtadyumn,  
 Virāta, Sātyaki the Unsubdued,  
 Drupada, with his sons, (O Lord of Earth !)  
 Long-armed Subhadra’s children, all blew loud,  
 So that the clangour shook their foemen’s hearts,  
 With quaking earth and thundering heav’n.

Then ’twas—

Beholding Dhritirashtra’s battle set,  
 Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war  
 Instant to break—Arjun, whose ensign-badge  
 Was Hanuman the monkey, spake this thing  
 To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer :  
 “Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground  
 Betwixt the armies ; I would see more nigh  
 These who will fight with us, those we must slay  
 To-day, in war’s arbitrament ; for, sure,  
 On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,  
 Obeying Dhritirashtra’s sinful son.”

Thus, by Arjuna prayed, (O Bharata !)  
 Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer  
 Drove the bright car, reining its milk-white steeds  
 Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.  
 “See!” spake he to Arjuna, “where they stand,  
 Thy kindred of the Kurus :” and the Prince  
 Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,  
 Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,  
 Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed  
 With friends and honoured elders ; some this side,

## THE SONG CELESTIAL

Some that side ranged : and, seeing those opposed,  
 Such kith grown enemies—Arjuna's heart  
 Melted with pity, while he uttered this :

*Arjuna.* Krishna ! as I behold, come here to  
 shed

Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,  
 My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,  
 A shudder thrills my body, and my hair  
 Bristles with horror ; from my weak hand slips  
 Gandiv, the goodly bow ; a fever burns  
 My skin to parching ; hardly may I stand ;  
 The life within me seems to swim and faint ;  
 Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail !  
 It is not good, O Keshav ! nought of good  
 Can spring from mutual slaughter ! Lo, I hate  
 Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,  
 Thus sadly won ! *Aho !* what victory  
 Can bring delight, Govinda ! what rich spoils  
 Could profit ; what rule recompense ; what span  
 Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood ?  
 Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,  
 For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,  
 And power grew precious :—grandsires, sires, and  
 sons,  
 Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,  
 Elders and friends ! Shall I deal death on these  
 Even though they seek to slay us ? Not one  
 blow,  
 O Madhusudan ! will I strike to gain  
 The rule of all Three Worlds ; then, how much  
 less  
 To seize an earthly kingdom ! Killing these

Must breed but anguish, Krishna ! If they be  
 Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths ;  
 Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay  
 Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin ;  
 What peace could come of that, O Madhava ?  
 For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath,  
 These cannot see, or will not see, the sin  
 Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain,  
 How should not we, who see, shun such a  
 crime—

We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame—  
 O thou Delight of Men, Janârdana ?  
 By overthrow of houses perisheth  
 Their sweet continuous household piety,  
 And—rites neglected, piety extinct—  
 Enters impiety upon that home ;  
 Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring  
 Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes,  
 Sending a Hell-ward road that family,  
 And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath.  
 Nay, and the souls of honoured ancestors  
 Fall from their place of peace, being bereft  
 Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.<sup>1</sup>  
 So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay  
 Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,  
*Ahovat !* what an evil fault it were !  
 Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,  
 To face them weaponless, and bare my breast  
 To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,

<sup>1</sup> Some repetitionary lines are here omitted

## 6 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,  
And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER I. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Arjun-Vishâd,”  
Or “The Book of the Distress of Arjuna.”*

## CHAPTER II

*Sanjaya.* Him, filled with such compassion  
and such grief,  
With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern  
words •

The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed :

*Krishna.* How hath this weakness taken  
thee ? Whence springs  
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,  
Barring the path of virtue ? Nay, Arjun !  
Forbid thyself to feebleness ! it mars  
Thy warrior-name ! cast off the coward-fit !  
Wake ! Be thyself ! Arise, Scourge of thy  
Foes !

*Arjuna.* How can I, in the battle, shoot with  
shafts  
On Bhishma, or on Drona—O thou Chief!—  
Both worshipful, both honourable men ?

Better to live on beggar's bread  
With those we love alive,  
Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,  
And guiltily survive !  
Ah ! were it worse—who knows?—to be  
Victor or vanquished here,  
When those confront us angrily  
Whose death leaves living drear ?

In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,  
 My thoughts—distracted—turn  
 To Thee, the Guide I reverence most,  
 That I may counsel learn :  
 I know not what would heal the grief  
 Burned into soul and sense,  
 If I were earth's unchallenged chief—  
 A god—and these gone thence !

*Sanjaya.* So spake Arjuna to the Lord of  
 Hearts,  
 And sighing, “I will not fight !” held silence  
 then.

To whom, with tender smile, (O Bharata ! )  
 While the Prince wept despairing 'twixt those  
 hosts,

Krishna made answer in divinest verse :

*Krishna.* Thou grievest where no grief should  
 be ! thou speak'st

Words lacking wisdom ! for the wise in heart  
 Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.  
 Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,  
 Ever was not, nor ever will not be,  
 For ever and for ever afterwards.

All, that doth live, lives always ! To man's frame  
 As there come infancy and youth and age,  
 So come there raisings-up and layings-down  
 Of other and of other life-abodes,  
 Which the wise know, and fear not. This that  
 irks—

Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements—  
 Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys.

"Tis brief and mutable ! Bear with it, Prince !  
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,  
The soul that with a strong and constant calm  
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,  
Lives in the life undying ! That which is  
Can never cease to be ; that which is not  
Will not exist. To see this truth of both  
Is theirs who part essence from accident,  
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,  
Learn thou ! the Life is, spreading life through  
all ;

It cannot anywhere, by any means,  
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.  
But for these fleeting frames which it informs  
With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,  
They perish. Let them perish, Prince ! and  
fight !

He who shall say, "Lo ! I have slain a man !"  
He who shall think, "Lo ! I am slain !" those  
both

Know naught ! Life cannot slay. Life is not  
slain !

Never the spirit was born ; the spirit shall cease  
to be never ;

Never was time it was not ; End and Be-  
ginning are dreams !

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth  
the spirit for ever ;

Death hath not touched it at all, dead though  
the house of it seems !

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,

10      THE SONG CELESTIAL

Immortal, indestructible,—shall such  
Say, “I have killed a man, or caused to kill?”

Nay, but as when one layeth  
    His worn-out robes away,  
And, taking new ones, sayeth,  
    “These will I wear to-day!”  
So putteth by the spirit  
    Lightly its garb of flesh,  
And passeth to inherit  
    A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life ;  
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,  
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,  
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,  
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,  
Invisible, ineffable, by word  
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,  
Thus is the Soul declared ! How wilt thou, then,—  
Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not  
    grieve ?

How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead  
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—  
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep ?  
The end of birth is death ; the end of death  
Is birth : this is ordained ! and mournest thou,  
Chief of the stalwart arm ! for what befalls  
Which could not otherwise befall ? The birth  
Of living things comes unperceived ; the death  
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive :  
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince ?

Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate !  
 Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon !  
 Strange and great for tongue to relate,  
 Mystical hearing for every one !  
 Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,  
 When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done !

This Life within all living things, my Prince !  
 Hides beyond harm ; scorn thou to suffer, then,  
 For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part !  
 Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not !  
 Nought better can betide a martial soul  
 Than lawful war ; happy the warrior  
 To whom comes joy of battle—comes, as now,  
 Glorious and fair, unsought ; opening for him  
 A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st  
 This honourable field—a Kshattriya—  
 If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st  
 Duty and task go by—that shall be sin !  
 And those to come shall speak thee infamy  
 From age to age ; but infamy is worse  
 For men of noble blood to bear than death !  
 The chiefs upon their battle-chariots  
 Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.  
 Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn  
 Thou must abide, while all thine enemies  
 Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock  
 The valour which thou hadst ; what fate could fall  
 More grievously than this ? Either — being  
 killed—  
 Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or—alive  
 And victor—thou wilt reign an earthly king.

Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti ! brace  
 Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—  
 As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,  
 Profit or ruin, victory or defeat :  
 So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so  
 Thou shalt not sin !

Thus far I speak to thee  
 As from the “Sâṅkhyâ”—unspiritually—  
 Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yôg,  
 Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst  
 Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.  
 Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred,  
 No loss be feared : faith—yea, a little faith—  
 Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.  
 Here, Glory of the Kurus ! shines one rule—  
 One steadfast rule—while shifting souls have laws  
 Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem  
 The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol  
 The letter of their Vedas, saying, “This  
 Is all we have, or need ;” being weak at heart  
 With wants, seekers of Heaven : which comes  
 —they say—

As “fruit of good deeds done ;” promising men  
 Much profit in new births for works of faith ;  
 In various rites abounding ; following whereon  
 Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and  
 power ;

Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire  
 Least fixity of soul have such, least hold  
 On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,  
 From Veds, concerning the “three qualities : ”

But thou, be free of the “three qualities,”  
 Free of the “pairs of opposites,”<sup>1</sup> and free  
 From that sad righteousness which calculates ;  
 Self-ruled, Arjuna ! simple, satisfied !<sup>2</sup>  
 Look ! like as when a tank pours water forth  
 To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw  
 Text for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.  
 But thou, want not ! ask not ! Find full reward  
 Of doing right in right ! Let right deeds be  
 Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.  
 And live in action ! Labour ! Make thine acts  
 Thy piety, casting all self aside,  
 Contemning gain and merit ; equable  
 In good or evil : equability  
 Is Yôg, is piety !

Yet, the right act  
 Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind.  
 Seek refuge in thy soul ; have there thy heaven !  
 Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts !  
 The mind of pure devotion—even here—  
 Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,  
 Passing above them. Unto pure devotion  
 Devote thyself : with perfect meditation  
 Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise—  
 More certainly because they seek no gain—  
 Forth from the bands of body, step by step,  
 To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul  
 Hath shaken off those tangled oracles

<sup>1</sup> Technical phrases of Vedic religion.

<sup>2</sup> The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.

Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar  
 To high neglect of what's denied or said,  
 This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.  
 Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,  
 Safe shall it live, and sure ; steadfastly bent  
 On meditation. This is Yôg—and Peace !

*Arjuna.* What is his mark who hath that  
 steadfast heart,  
 Confirmed in holy meditation ? How  
 Know we his speech, Keśava ? Sits he, moves he  
 Like other men ?

*Krishna.* When one, O Prithâ's Son !—  
 Abandoning desires which shake the mind—  
 Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,  
 He hath attained the Yôg—that mân is such !  
 In sorrows not dejected, and in joys  
 Not overjoyed ; dwelling outside the stress  
 Of passion, fear, and anger ; fixed in calms  
 Of lofty contemplation ;—such an one  
 Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse !  
 He who to none and nowhere overbound  
 By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good  
 Neither desponding nor exulting, such  
 Bears wisdom's plainest mark ! He who shall  
 draw

As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe  
 Under its shield, his five frail senses back  
 Under the spirit's buckler from the world  
 Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince !  
 Hath wisdom's mark ! Things that solicit sense  
 Hold off from the self-governed ; nay, it comes,  
 The appetites of him who lives beyond

Depart,—aroused no more. Yet may it chance,  
O Son of Kunti ! that a governed mind  
Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and  
wrest

Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain  
His kingdom ! let him conquer this, and sit  
On Me intent. That man alone is wise  
Who keeps the mastery of himself ! If one  
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs  
Attraction ; from attraction grows desire,  
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds  
Recklessness ; then the memory—all betrayed—  
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,  
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.  
But, if one deals with objects of the sense  
Not loving and not hating, making them  
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,  
Lo ! such a man comes to tranquillity ;  
And out of that tranquillity shall rise  
The end and healing of his earthly pains,  
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.  
The soul of the ungoverned is not his,  
Nor hath he knowledge of himself ; which lacked,  
How grows serenity ? and, wanting that,  
Whence shall he hope for happiness ?

## The mind

That gives itself to follow shows of sense  
Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,  
And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives  
To wreck and death. Only with him, great Prince !  
Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense—  
Only with him who holds his mastery,

## 16 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom  
To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day  
To his clear gaze ; what seems as wakeful day  
Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,  
To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint !

And like the ocean, day by day receiving  
Floods from all lands, which never overflows ;  
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,  
Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those ;—

So is the perfect one ! to his soul's ocean  
The world of sense pours streams of witchery ,  
They leave him as they find, without commotion,  
Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

Yea ! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh  
Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts ; set free  
From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"  
Toucheth tranquillity ! O Prithâ's Son !  
That is the state of Brahm ! There rests no dread  
When that last step is reached ! Live where  
    he will,  
Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plainings,  
To blest Nirvâna, with the Gods, attaining.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER II. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Sâṅkhyâ-Yôg,"  
Or "The Book of Doctrines."*

## CHAPTER III

*Arjuna.* Thou whom all mortals praise, Janâr-  
dana !

If meditation be a nobler thing  
Than action, wherefore, then, great Keśava !  
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight ?  
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed !  
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly ;  
By what road shall I find the better end ?

*Krishna.* I told thee, blameless Lord ! there  
be two paths

Shown to this world ; two schools of wisdom.  
First

The Sâṅkhyâ's, which doth save in way of works  
Prescribed <sup>1</sup> by reason ; next, the Yôg, which bids  
Attain by meditation, spiritually :

Yet these are one ! No man shall 'scape from act  
By shunning action ; nay, and none shall come  
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.

Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,  
Rests any actionless ; his nature's law  
Compels him, even unwilling, into act ;  
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits  
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,  
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,

<sup>1</sup> I feel convinced *sânkhyanân* and *yoginân* must be transposed here in sense.

## 18 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite :  
 But he who, with strong body serving mind,  
 Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,  
 Not seeking gain, Arjuna ! such an one  
 Is honourable. Do thine allotted task !  
 Work is more excellent than idleness ;  
 The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.  
 There is a task of holiness to do,  
 Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not  
 The faithful soul ; such earthly duty do  
 Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform  
 Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati—  
 In the beginning, when all men were made,  
 And, with mankind, the sacrifice—“ Do this !  
 Work ! sacrifice ! Increase and multiply  
 With sacrifice ! This shall be Kamadûk,  
 Your ‘Cow of Plenty,’ giving back her milk  
 Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby ;  
 The gods shall yield thee grace. Those meats  
     ye crave  
 The gods will grant to Labour, when it pays  
 Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats  
 Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven  
 No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world.”

Who eat of food after their sacrifice  
 Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast  
 All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin.  
 By food the living live ; food comes of rain,  
 And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,  
 And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil ;  
 Thus action is of Brahmâ, who is One,

The Only, All-pervading ; at all times  
 Present in sacrifice. He that abstains  
 To help the rolling wheels of this great world,  
 Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,  
 Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,  
 Self-concentrated, serving self alone,  
 No part hath he in aught ; nothing achieved,  
 Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him ;  
 no hope

Of help for all the living things of earth  
 Depends from him.<sup>1</sup> Therefore, thy task pre-  
 scribed

With spirit unattached gladly perform,  
 Since in performance of plain duty man  
 Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone  
 Janak and ancient saints reached blessedness !  
 Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,  
 Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise  
 choose

The unwise people take ; what best men do  
 The multitude will follow. Look on me,  
 Thou Son of Prithâ ! in the three wide worlds  
 I am not bound to any toil, no height  
 Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,  
 Yet I act here ! and, if I acted not—  
 Earnest and watchful—those that look to me  
 For guidance, sinking back to sloth again  
 Because I slumbered, would decline from good,  
 And I should break earth's order and commit  
 Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata !  
 Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,

<sup>1</sup> I am doubtful of accuracy here.

So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set  
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss ;  
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts  
Seed of despair. Yea ! let each play his part  
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.  
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought  
In interaction of the qualities.  
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, " This I did "  
And " That I wrought ; " but—ah, thou strong-  
armed Prince !—

A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play  
Of visible things within the world of sense,  
And how the qualities must qualify,  
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught  
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,  
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.  
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light ;  
But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,  
With meditation centred inwardly,  
Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,  
Heedless of issue—fight ! They who shall keep  
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,  
Have quittance from all issue of their acts ;  
But those who disregard My ordinance,  
Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to  
loss,

Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one  
Doth of his kind, following what fits him most :  
And lower creatures of their kind ; in vain  
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be  
The objects of the sense will stir the sense  
To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man

Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.  
 Finally, this is better, that one do  
 His own task as he may, even though he fail,  
 Than take tasks not his own, though they seem  
 good.

To die performing duty is no ill ;  
 But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

*Arjuna.* Yet tell me, Teacher ! by what force  
 doth man  
 Go to his ill, unwilling ; as if one  
 Pushed him that evil path ?

*Krishna.* Kama it is !  
 Passion it is ! born of the Darknesses,  
 Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,  
 Sinful, and strong is this !—man's enemy !  
 As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust  
 Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds  
 The babe unborn, so is the world of things  
 Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.  
 The wise fall, caught in it ; the unresting foe  
 It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,  
 Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.  
 Sense, mind, and reason—these, O Kunti's Son !  
 Are booty for it ; in its play with these  
 It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.  
 Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata !  
 Govern thy heart ! Constrain th' entangled sense !  
 Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps  
 Knowledge and judgment ! Yea, the world is  
 strong,  
 But what discerns it stronger, and the mind  
 Strongest ; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.

22 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme,  
Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul !  
Fight ! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero !  
    slay  
What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would  
betray !

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER III. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Karma-Yôg,"*  
*Or "The Book of Virtue in Work."*

## CHAPTER IV

*Krishna.* This deathless Yoga, this deep union,  
I taught Vivaswata,<sup>1</sup> the Lord of Light ;  
Vivaswata to Manu gave it ; he  
To Ikshwâku ; so passed it down the line  
Of all my royal Rishis. Then, with years,  
The truth grew dim and perished, noble Prince !  
Now once again to thee it is declared—  
This ancient lore, this mystery supreme—  
Seeing I find thee votary and friend.

*Arjuna.* Thy birth, dear Lord, was in these  
later days,  
And bright Vivaswata's preceded time !  
How shall I comprehend this thing thou sayest,  
“ From the beginning it was I who taught ? ”

*Krishna.* Manifold the renewals of my birth  
Have been, Arjuna ! and of thy births, too !  
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not,  
O Slayer of thy Foes ! Albeit I be  
Unborn, undying, indestructible,  
The Lord of all things living ; not the less—  
By Maya, by my magic which I stamp  
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast—  
I come, and go, and come. When Righteousness  
Declines, O Bharata ! when Wickedness  
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take

<sup>1</sup> A name of the sun.

Visible shape, and move a man with men,  
Succouring the good, thrusting the evil back,  
And setting Virtue on her seat again.

Who knows the truth touching my births on  
earth

And my divine work, when he quits the flesh  
Puts on its load no more, falls no more down  
To earthly birth : to Me he comes, dear Prince !

Many there be who come ! from fear set free,  
From anger, from desire ; keeping their hearts  
Fixed upon me—my Faithful—purified  
By sacred flame of Knowledge. Such as these  
Mix with my being. Whoso worship me,  
Them I exalt ; but all men everywhere  
Shall fall into my path ; albeit, those souls  
Which seek reward for works, make sacrifice  
Now, to the lower gods. I say to thee  
Here have they their reward. But I am He  
Made the Four Castes, and portioned them a  
place

After their qualities and gifts. Yea, I  
Created, the Reposeful ; I that live  
Immortally, made all those mortal births :  
For works soil not my essence, being works  
Wrought uninvolvèd.<sup>1</sup> Who knows me acting  
thus

Unchained by action, action binds not him ;  
And, so perceiving, all those saints of old  
Worked, seeking for deliverance. Work thou  
As, in the days gone by, thy fathers did.

<sup>1</sup> Without desire of fruit.

Thou sayst, perplexed, It hath been asked before  
By singers and by sages, "What is act,  
And what inaction?" I will teach thee this,  
And, knowing, thou shalt learn which work doth  
save

Needs must one rightly meditate those three—  
Doing,—not doing,—and undoing. Here  
Thorny and dark the path is! He who sees  
How action may be rest, rest action—he  
Is wisest 'mid his kind; he hath the truth!  
He doeth well, acting or resting. Freed  
In all his works from prickings of desire,  
Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,  
The wise call that man wise; and such an one,  
Renouncing fruit of deeds, always content.  
Always self-satisfying, if he works,  
Doth nothing that shall stain his separate soul,  
Which—quit of fear and hope—subduing self—  
Rejecting outward impulse—yielding up  
To body's need nothing save body, dwells  
Sinless amid all sin, with equal calm  
Taking what may befall, by grief unmoved,  
Unmoved by joy, unenvyingly; the same  
In good and evil fortunes; nowise bound  
By bond of deeds. Nay, but of such an one,  
Whose crave is gone, whose soul is liberate,  
Whose heart is set on truth—of such an one  
What work he does is work of sacrifice,  
Which passeth purely into ash and smoke  
Consumed upon the altar! All's then God!  
The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and grain  
Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats

Is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he  
Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm.  
Some votaries there be who serve the gods  
With flesh and altar-smoke ; but other some  
Who, lighting subtler fires, make purer rite  
With will of worship. Of the which be they  
Who, in white flame of continence, consume  
Joys of the sense, delights of eye and ear,  
Forgoing tender speech and sound of song :  
And they who, kindling fires with torch of Truth,  
Burn on a hidden altar-stone the bliss  
Of youth and love, renouncing happiness :  
And they who lay for offering there their wealth,  
Their penance, meditation, piety,  
Their steadfast reading of the scrolls, their lore  
Painfully gained with long austerities :  
And they who, making silent sacrifice,  
Draw in their breath to feed the flame of thought,  
And breathe it forth to waft the heart on high,  
Governing the vantage of each entering air  
Lest one sigh pass which helpeth not the soul :  
And they who, day by day denying needs,  
Lay life itself upon the altar-flame,  
Burning the body wan. Lo ! all these keep  
The rite of offering, as if they slew  
Victims ; and all thereby efface much sin.  
Yea ! and who feed on the immortal food  
Left of such sacrifice, to Brahma pass,  
To The Unending. But for him that makes  
No sacrifice, he hath nor part nor lot  
Even in the present world. How should he share  
Another, O thou Glory of thy Line ?

In sight of Brahma all these offerings  
 Are spread and are accepted ! Comprehend  
 That all proceed by act ; for knowing this,  
 Thou shalt be quit of doubt. The sacrifice  
 Which Knowledge pays is better than great gifts  
 Offered by wealth, since gifts' worth—O my  
 Prince !

Lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves :  
 And these are gained by reverence, by strong  
 search,

By humble heed of those who see the Truth  
 And teach it. Knowing Truth, thy heart no more  
 Will ache with error, for the Truth shall show  
 All things subdued to thee, as thou to Me.  
 Moreover, Son of Pandu ! wert thou worst  
 Of all wrong-doers, this fair ship of Truth  
 Should bear thee safe and dry across the sea  
 Of thy transgressions. As the kindled flame  
 Feeds on the fuel till it sinks to ash,  
 So unto ash, Arjuna ! unto nought  
 The flame of Knowledge wastes works' dross  
 away !

There is no purifier like thereto  
 In all this world, and he who seeketh it  
 Shall find it—being grown perfect—in himself.  
 Believing, he receives it when the soul  
 Masters itself, and cleaves to Truth, and comes--  
 Possessing knowledge—to the higher peace,  
 The uttermost repose. But those untaught,  
 And those without full faith, and those who fear  
 Are shent ; no peace is here or other where,  
 No hope, nor happiness for whoso doubts.

He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished  
doubt,  
Disparting self from service, soul from works,  
Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince !  
Works fetter him no more ! Cut then awain  
With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata !  
This doubt that binds thy heart-beats ! cleave  
the bond  
Born of thy ignorance ! Be bold and wise !  
Give thyself to the field with me ! Arise !

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IV. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Jnana Yôg,"*  
*Or "The Book of the Religion of Knowledge."*

## CHAPTER V

*Arjuna.* Yet, Krishna ! at the one time thou  
dost laud  
Surcease of works, and, at another time,  
Service through work. Of these twain plainly  
tell

Which is the better way ?

*Krishna.* To cease from works  
Is well, and to do works in holiness  
Is well ; and both conduct to bliss supreme ;  
But of these twain the better way is his  
Who working piously refraineth not.

That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,  
Who—seeking nought, rejecting nought—dwells  
proof  
Against the “opposites.”<sup>1</sup> O valiant Prince !  
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed :  
‘Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,  
This Sâṅkhyâ and this Yôga : wise men know  
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both !  
The region of high rest which Sâṅkhyans reach  
Yogins attain. Who sees these twain as one  
Sees with clear eyes ! Yet such abstraction,  
Chief !

<sup>1</sup> That is, “joy and sorrow, success and failure,  
heat and cold,” &c.

Is hard to win without much holiness.  
 Whoso is fixed in holiness, self-ruled,  
 Pure-hearted, lord of senses and of self,  
 Lost in the common life of all which lives—  
 A “Yôgayukt”—he is a Saint who wends  
 Straightway to Brahm. Such an one is not  
 touched  
 By taint of deeds. “Nought of myself I do!”  
 Thus will he think—who holds the truth of  
 truths—  
 In seeing, hearing, touching, smelling ; when  
 He eats, or goes, or breathes ; slumbers or talks,  
 Holds fast or loosens, opes his eyes or shuts ;  
 Always assured “This is the sense-world plays  
 With senses.” He that acts in thought of  
 Brahm,  
 Detaching end from act, with act content,  
 The world of sense can no more stain his soul  
 Than waters mar th’ enamelled lotus-leaf.  
 With life, with heart, with mind,—nay, with  
 the help  
 Of all five senses—letting selfhood go—  
 Yogins toil ever towards their souls’ release.  
 Such votaries, renouncing fruit of deeds,  
 Gain endless peace : the unvowed, the passion-  
 bound,  
 Seeking a fruit from works, are fastened down.  
 The embodied sage, withdrawn within his soul,  
 At every act sits godlike in “the town  
 Which hath nine gateways,”<sup>1</sup> neither doing aught  
 Nor causing any deed. This world’s Lord makes

<sup>1</sup> i.e., the body.

Neither the work, nor passion for the work,  
 Nor lust for fruit of work ; the man's own self  
 Pushes to these ! The Master of this World  
 Takes on himself the good or evil deeds  
 Of no man—dwelling beyond ! Mankind errs  
 here

By folly, darkening knowledge. But, for whom  
 That darkness of the soul is chased by light,  
 Splendid and clear shines manifest the Truth  
 As if a Sun of Wisdom sprang to shed  
 Its beams of dawn. Him meditating still,  
 Him seeking, with Him blended, stayed on Him,  
 The souls illuminated take that road  
 Which hath no turning back—their sins flung off  
 By strength of faith. [Who will may have this  
 Light ;

Who hath it sees.] To him who wisely sees,  
 The Brahman with his scrolls and sanctities,  
 The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,  
 The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.

The world is overcome—aye ! even here !  
 By such as fix their faith on Unity.  
 The sinless Brahma dwells in Unity,  
 And they in Brahma. Be not over-glad  
 Attaining joy, and be not over-sad  
 Encountering grief, but, stayed on Brahma, still  
 Constant let each abide ! The sage whose soul  
 Holds off from outer contacts, in himself  
 Finds bliss ; to Brahma joined by piety,  
 His spirit tastes eternal peace. The joys  
 Springing from sense-life are but quickening wombs

Which breed sure griefs : those joys begin and end !

The wise mind takes no pleasure, Kunti's Son !  
In such as those ! But if a man shall learn,  
Even while he lives and bears his body's chain,  
To master lust and anger, he is blest !

He is the *Yukta* ; he hath happiness,  
Contentment, light, within : his life is merged  
In Brahma's life ; he doth Nirvâna touch !  
Thus go the Rishis unto rest, who dwell  
With sins effaced, with doubts at end, with  
hearts

Governed and calm. Glad in all good they live,  
Nigh to the peace of God ; and all those live  
Who pass their days exempt from greed and  
wrath,

Subduing self and senses, knowing the Soul !

The Saint who shuts outside his placid soul  
All touch of sense, letting no contact through ;  
Whose quiet eyes gaze straight from fix'd brows,  
Whose outward breath and inward breath are  
drawn

Equal and slow through nostrils still and close :  
That one—with organs, heart, and mind con-  
strained,

Bent on deliverance, having put away  
Passion, and fear, and rage ;—hath, even now,  
Obtained deliverance, ever and ever freed.  
Yea ! for he knows Me Who am He that heeds  
The sacrifice and worship, God revealed ;  
And He who heeds not, being Lord of Worlds,

BOOK THE FIFTH                    33

Lover of all that lives, God unrevealed,  
Wherin who will shall find surety and shield !

HERE ENDS CHAPTER V. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Karmasanyâsayog,"  
Or "The Book of Religion by Renouncing Fruit  
of Works."*

## CHAPTER VI

*Krishna.* Therefore, who doeth work rightful  
to do,

Not seeking gain from work, that man, O Prince!  
Is Sânyasi and Yôgi—both in one  
And he is neither who lights not the flame  
Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.

Regard as true Renoucer him that makes  
Worship by work, for who renounceth not  
Works not as Yôgin. So is that well said :  
“ By works the votary doth rise to faith,  
And saintship is the ceasing from all works ; ”  
Because the perfect Yôgin acts—but acts  
Unmoved by passions and unbound by deeds,  
Setting result aside.

Let each man raise  
The Self by Soul, not trample down his Self,  
Since Soul that is Self’s friend may grow Self’s  
foe.

Soul is Self’s friend when Self doth rule o’er Self,  
But Self turns enemy if Soul’s own self  
Hates Self as not itself.<sup>1</sup>

The sovereign soul

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit has this play on the double meaning of *Âtman*.

Of him who lives self-governed and at peace  
 Is centred in itself, taking alike  
 Pleasure and pain ; heat, cold ; glory and shame  
 He is the Yôgi, he is *Yûkta*, glad  
 With joy of light and truth ; dwelling apart  
 Upon a peak, with senses subjugate  
 Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistering gold  
 Show all as one. By this sign is he known  
 Being of equal grace to comrades, friends,  
 Chance-comers, strangers, lovers, enemies,  
 Aliens and kinsmen ; loving all alike,  
 Evil or good.

Sequestered should he sit,  
 Steadfastly meditating, solitary,  
 His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away,  
 Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot  
 Having his fixed abode,—not too much raised,  
 Nor yet too low,—let him abide, his goods  
 A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kuśa-grass.  
 There, setting hard his mind upon The One,  
 Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,  
 Let him accomplish Yôga, and achieve  
 Purity of soul, holding immovable  
 Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed  
 Upon his nose-end,<sup>1</sup> rapt from all around,  
 Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent  
 Upon his Brahmacharya vow, devout,  
 Musing on Me, lost in the thought of Me.  
 That Yôjin, so devoted, so controlled,  
 Comes to the peace beyond,—My peace, the peace  
 Of high Nirvana !

<sup>1</sup> So in original.

But for earthly needs

Religion is not his who too much fasts  
 Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away  
 An idle mind ; nor his who wears to waste  
 His strength in vigils. Nay, Arjuna ! call  
 That the true piety which most removes  
 Earth-aches and ills, where one is moderate  
 In eating and in resting, and in sport ;  
 Measured in wish and act ; sleeping betimes,  
 Waking betimes for duty.

When the man,

So living, centres on his soul the thought  
 Straitly restrained—untouched internally  
 By stress of sense—then is he *Yûkta*. See !  
 Steadfast a lamp burns sheltered from the wind.;  
 Such is the likeness of the Yôgi's mind  
 Shut from sense-storms and burning bright to  
 Heaven.

When mind broods placid, soothed with holy wont ;  
 When Self contemplates self, and in itself  
 Hath comfort ; when it knows the nameless joy  
 Beyond all scope of sense, revealed to soul—  
 Only to soul ! and, knowing, wavers not,  
 True to the farther Truth ; when, holding this,  
 It deems no other treasure comparable,  
 But, harboured there, cannot be stirred or shook  
 By any gravest grief, call that state “peace,”  
 That happy severance Yôga ; call that man  
 The perfect Yôgin !

Steadfastly the will  
 Must toil thereto, till efforts end in ease,  
 And thought has passed from thinking. Shaking off

All longings bred by dreams of fame and gain,  
 Shutting the doorways of the senses close  
 With watchful ward ; so, step by step, it comes  
 To gift of peace assured and heart assuaged,  
 When the mind dwells self-wrapped, and the soul  
     broods

Cumberless. But, as often as the heart  
 Breaks—wild and wavering—from control, so oft  
 Let him re-curb it, let him rein it back  
 To the soul's governance ; for perfect bliss  
 Grows only in the bosom tranquillised,  
 The spirit passionless, purged from offence,  
 Vowed to the Infinite. He who thus vows  
 His soul to the Supreme Soul, quitting sin,  
 Passes unhindered to the endless bliss  
 Of unity with Brahma. He so vowed,  
 So blended, sees the Life-Soul resident  
 In all things living, and all living things  
 In that Life-Soul contained. And whoso thus  
 Discerneth Me in all, and all in Me,  
 I never let him go ; nor looseneth he  
 Hold upon Me ; but, dwell he where he may,  
 Whate'er his life, in Me he dwells and lives,  
 Because he knows and worships Me, Who dwell  
 In all which lives, and cleaves to Me in all.

*Arjuna ! if a man sees everywhere—  
 Taught by his own similitude—one Life,  
 One Essence in the Evil and the Good,  
 Hold him a Yôgi, yea ! well-perfected !*

*Arjuna. Slayer of Madhu ! yet again, this Yôg,  
 This Peace, derived from equanimity,  
 Made known by thee—I see no fixity*

## 38 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Therein, no rest, because the heart of men  
Is unfixed, Krishna ! rash, tumultuous,  
Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think,  
To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

*Krishna.* Hero long-armed ! beyond denial,  
hard

Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering ;  
Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince !  
By wont of self-command. This Yôg, I say,  
Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones ;  
But he who will be master of himself  
Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

*Arjuna.* And what road goeth he who, having  
faith,

Fails, Krishna ! in the striving ; falling back  
From holiness, missing the perfect rule ?  
Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light,  
Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth  
and heaven

When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth ?  
Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,  
Since, Krishna ! none save thou can clear the  
doubt.

*Krishna.* He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ !  
No !

Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,  
Because no heart that holds one right desire  
Treadeth the road of loss ! He who should fail,  
Desiring righteousness, cometh at death  
Unto the Region of the Just ; dwells there  
Measureless years, and being born anew,  
Beginneth life again in some fair home

Amid the mild and happy. It may chance  
 He doth descend into a Yôgin house  
 On Virtue's breast ; but that is rare ! Such birth  
 Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief !  
 So hath he back again what heights of heart  
 He did achieve, and so he strives anew  
 To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince !  
 For by the old desire he is drawn on  
 Unwittingly ; and only to desire  
 The purity of Yôg is to pass  
 Beyond the *Sabdabrahm*, the spoken Ved.  
 But, being Yôgi, striving strong and long,  
 Purged from transgressions, perfected by births  
 Following on births, he plants his feet at last  
 Upon the farther path. Such as one ranks  
 Above ascetics, higher than the wise,  
 Beyond achievers of vast deeds ! Be thou  
 Yôgi Arjuna ! And of such believe,  
 Truest and best is he who worships Me  
 With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery !

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VI. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Atmasanyamayôg,"*  
*Or "The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint."*

## CHAPTER VII

*Krishna.* Learn now, dear Prince ! how, if  
thy soul be set  
Ever on Me—still exercising Yôg,  
Still making Me thy Refuge—thou shalt come  
Most surely unto perfect hold of Me.  
I will declare to thee that utmost lore,  
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,  
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,  
Striveth for Truth ; and of those few that strive—  
Nay, and rise high—one only—here and there—  
Knoweth Me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,  
And individuality—those eight  
Make up the showing of Me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature ; learn the higher,  
Whereby, thou Valiant One ! this Universe  
Is, by its principle of life, produced ;  
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born  
As from a *Yoni*. Know ! I am that womb :  
I make and I unmake this Universe :  
Than me there is no other Master, Prince !

No other Maker ! All these hang on me  
 As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.  
 I am the fresh taste of the water ; I  
 The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,  
 The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill  
 That passeth in the ether, and the strength  
 Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell  
 Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red  
 light,

The vital air moving in all which moves,  
 The holiness of hallowed souls, the root  
 Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is ;  
 The wisdom of the wise, the intellect  
 Of the informed, the greatness of the great.  
 The splendour of the splendid. Kunti's Son !  
 These am I, free from passion and desire ;  
 Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,  
 Chief of the Bhâratas ! for all those moods,  
 Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,  
 Which Nature frames, deduce from me ; but all  
 Are merged in me—not I in them ! The  
 world—

Deceived by those three qualities of being—  
 Wotteth not Me Who am outside them all,  
 Above them all, Eternal ! Hard it is  
 To pierce that veil divine of various shows  
 Which hideth Me ; yet they who worship Me  
 Pierce it and pass beyond.

I am not known  
 To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,  
 Nor to the base and churlish ; nor to those  
 Whose mind is cheated by the show of things.

Nor those that take the way of Asuras.<sup>1</sup>

Four sorts of mortals know me: he who weeps,  
Arjuna! and the man who yearns to know;  
And he who toils to help; and he who sits  
Certain of me, enlightened.

Of these four,  
O Prince of India! highest, nearest, best  
That last is, the devout soul, wise, intent  
Upon "The One." Dear, above all, am I  
To him; and he is dearest unto me!  
All four are good, and seek me; but mine own,  
The true of heart, the faithful—stayed on me,  
Taking me as their utmost blessedness,  
They are not "mine," but I—even I myself!  
At end of many births to Me they come!  
Yet hard the wise Mahatma is to find,  
That man who sayeth, "All is Vâsudev!"<sup>2</sup>

There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside  
By this desire or that, gives them to serve  
Some lower gods, with various rites, constrained  
By that which mouldeth them. Unto all such—  
Worship what shrine they will, what shapes, in faith—  
'Tis I who give them faith! I am content!  
The heart thus asking favour from its God,  
Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,

<sup>1</sup> Beings of low and devilish nature.

<sup>2</sup> Krishna.

The lesser blessing—but 'tis I who give !  
 Yet soon is withered what small fruit they reap :  
 Those men of little minds, who worship so,  
 Go where they worship, passing with their gods.  
 But Mine come unto me ! Blind are the eyes  
 Which deem th' Unmanifested manifest,  
 Not comprehending Me in my true Self !  
 Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,  
 Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,  
 I am not seen by all ; I am not known—  
 Unborn and changeless—to the idle world.  
 But I, Arjuna ! know all things which were,  
 And all which are, and all which are to be,  
 Albeit not one among them knoweth Me !

By passion for the “pairs of opposites,”  
 By those twain snares of Like and Dislike,  
 Prince !  
 All creatures live bewildered, save some few  
 Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,  
 Freed from the “opposites,” and fixed in faith,  
 Cleave unto Me.

Who cleave, who seek in Me  
 Refuge from birth<sup>1</sup> and death, those have the  
 Truth !  
 Those know Me BRAHMA; know Me Soul of  
 Souls,  
 The ADHYÂTMAN; know KARMA, my work ;  
 Know I am ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Life,  
 And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,

<sup>1</sup> I read here *janma*, “birth ;” not *jara*, “age.”

And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice ;  
Worship Me well, with hearts of love and faith,  
And find and hold me in the hour of death.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VII. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Vijnânayôg,”*  
*Or “The Book of Religion by Discernment.”*

## CHAPTER VIII

*Arjuna.* Who is that BRAHMA ? What that  
Soul of Souls,  
The ADHYÂTMAN ? What, Thou Best of All !  
Thy work, the KARMA ? Tell me what it is  
Thou namest ADHIBHÛTA ? What again  
Means ADHIDAIVA ? Yea, and how it comes  
Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA in thy flesh ?  
Slayer of Madhu ! Further, make me know  
How good men find thee in the hour of death ?

*Krishna.* I BRAHMA am ! the One Eternal  
God,  
And ADHYÂTMAN is My Being's name,  
The Soul of Souls ! What goeth forth from Me,  
Causing all life to live, is KARMA called :  
And, Manifested in divided forms,  
I am the ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Lives ;  
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,  
Because I am PURUSHA, who begets.  
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice,  
I—speaking with thee in this body here—  
Am, thou embodied one ! (for all the shrines  
Flame unto Me !) And, at the hour of death,  
He that hath meditated Me alone,  
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,  
Enters into My Being—doubt thou not !  
But, if he meditated otherwise

At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,  
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son !  
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have Me, then, in thy heart always ! and fight !  
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,  
Shalt surely come to Me ! All come who cleave  
With never-wavering will of firmest faith,  
Owning none other Gods : all come to Me,  
The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest !

Whoso hath known Me, Lord of sage and singer,  
Ancient of days ; of all the Three Worlds Stay,  
Boundless,—but unto every atom Bringer  
Of that which quickens it : whoso, I say,

Hath known My form, which passeth mortal  
knowing ;  
Seen my effulgence—which no eye hath seen—  
Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,  
Dispersing darkness,—unto him hath been

Right life ! And, in the hour when life is ending,  
With mind set fast and trustful piety,  
Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,  
In happy peace that faithful one doth die,—

In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven.  
The place which they who read the Vedas  
name  
**AKSHARAM**, “ Ultimate ; ” whereto have striven  
Saints and ascetics—their road is the same.

That way—the highest way—goes he who  
shuts

The gates of all his senses, locks desire  
Safe in his heart, centres the vital airs  
Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set ;  
And, murmuring OM, the sacred syllable—  
Emblem of BRAHM—dies, meditating Me.

For who, none other Gods regarding, looks  
Ever to Me, easily am I gained  
By such a Yôgi ; and, attaining Me,  
They fall not—those Mahatmas—back to birth,  
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,  
But take the way of utmost blessedness.

The worlds, Arjuna!—even Brahma's world—  
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest ;  
But they, O Kunti's Son ! that reach to Me,  
Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day  
Which is a thousand Yugas ; if ye know  
The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,  
Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know !  
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible  
Is brought anew into the Visible ;  
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is  
Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth ;  
Yea ! this vast company of living things—  
Again and yet again produced—expires  
At Brahma's Nightfall ; and, at Brahma's Dawn,  
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.  
But—higher, deeper, innermost—abides  
Another Life, not like the life of sense,

Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures  
 When all created things have passed away :  
 This is that Life named the Unmanifest,  
 The Infinite ! the All ! the Uttermost.  
 Thither arriving none return. That Life  
 Is Mine, and I am there ! And, Prince ! by faith  
 Which wanders not, there is a way to come  
 Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread  
 The Universe around me—in Whom dwell  
 All living Things—may so be reached and seen !

• . • . • .  
 Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,  
 Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,  
 Such wisdom is ! The Yôgi, this way knowing,  
 Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

<sup>1</sup> I have discarded ten lines of Sanskrit text here as an undoubted interpolation by some Vedantist.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII. OF THE  
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Aksharaparabrahmayôg,”*  
*Or “The book of Religion by Devotion to the*  
*One Supreme God.”*

## CHAPTER IX

*Krishna.* Now will I open unto thee—whose heart

Rejects not—that last lore, deepest-concealed,  
That farthest secret of My Heavens and Earths,  
Which but to know shall set thee free from ills,—  
A royal lore ! a Kingly mystery !

Yea ! for the soul such light as purgeth it  
From every sin ; a light of holiness  
With inmost splendour shining ; plain to see ;  
Easy to walk by, inexhaustible !

They that receive not this, failing in faith  
To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not Me,  
Destroyer of thy foes ! They sink anew  
Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change !

By Me the whole vast Universe of things  
Is spread abroad ;—by Me, the Unmanifest !  
In Me are all existences contained ;  
Not I in them !

Yet they are not contained,  
Those visible things ! Receive and strive to  
embrace  
The mystery majestic ! My Being—  
Creating all, sustaining all—still dwells  
Outside of all !

See ! as the shoreless airs  
 Move in the measureless space, but are not space,  
 [And space were space without the moving airs] ;  
 So all things are in Me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince !  
 All things which be back to My Being come :  
 At the beginning of each Kalpa, all  
 Issue new-born from Me.

By Energy

And help of Prakritî, my outer Self,  
 Again, and yet again, I make go forth  
 The realms of visible things—without their will—  
 All of them—by the power of Prakritî.

Yet these great makings, Prince ! involve Me  
 not  
 Enchain Me not ! I sit apart from them,  
 Other, and Higher, and Free ; nowise attached !

Thus doth the stuff of worlds, moulded by Me,  
 Bring forth all that which is, moving or still,  
 Living or lifeless ! Thus the worlds go on !

The minds untaught mistake Me, veiled in  
 form ;—  
 Naught see they of My secret Presence, nought  
 Of My hid Nature, ruling all which lives.  
 Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing ; fed  
 On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek  
 An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.

But My Mahatmas, those of noble soul  
 Who tread the path celestial, worship Me  
 With hearts unwandering,—knowing Me the  
 Source,

Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly  
 They glorify Me ; seek Me ; keep their vows  
 Of reverence and love, with changeless faith  
 Adoring Me. Yea, and those too adore,  
 Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,  
 Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,  
 One Force in every place, though manifold !  
 I am the Sacrifice ! I am the Prayer !  
 I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead !  
 I am the healing herb ! I am the ghee,  
 The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns !  
 I am—of all this boundless Universe—  
 The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard !  
 The end of Learning ! That which purifies  
 In lustral water ! I am OM ! I am  
 Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved ;  
 The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,  
 The Witness ; the Abode, the Refuge-House,  
 The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life  
 Which sends, and swallows up ; Treasure of  
 Worlds  
 And Treasure-Chamber ! Seed and Seed-  
 Sower,  
 Whence endless harvests spring ! Sun's heat is  
 mine ;  
 Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold ;  
 Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,  
 Arjuna ! SAT and ASAT, Visible Life,

And Life Invisible !

Yea ! those who learn  
 The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,  
 Purge sins, pay sacrifice—from Me they earn  
 Passage to Swarga ; where the meats divine

Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.

Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,  
 Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,

Come to the world of death and change once  
 more.

They had their recompense ! they stored their  
 treasure,

Following the threefold Scripture and its writ ;  
 Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure  
 Of joy which comes and goes ! I grant them it !

But to those blessed ones who worship Me,  
 Turning not otherwhere, with minds set fast,  
 I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.

Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods  
 In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,  
 O Kunti's Son ! though they pray wrongfully ;  
 For I am the Receiver and the Lord  
 Of every sacrifice, which these know not  
 Rightfully ; so they fall to earth again !  
 Who follow gods go to their gods ; who vow  
 Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris ; minds  
 To evil Bhûts given o'er sink to the Bhûts :

And whoso loveth Me cometh to Me.  
 Whoso shall offer Me in faith and love  
 A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,  
 That offering I accept, lovingly made  
 With pious will. Whate'er thou doest, Prince !  
 Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,  
 Praying or fasting, let it all be done  
 For Me, as Mine. So shalt thou free thyself  
 From *Karmabandh*, the chain which holdeth men  
 To good and evil issue, so shalt come  
 Safe unto Me—when thou art quit of flesh—  
 By faith and abdication joined to Me !

I am alike for all ! I know not hate,  
 I know not favour ! What is made is Mine !  
 But them that worship Me with love, I love ;  
 They are in Me, and I in them !

Nay, Prince !

If one of evil life turn in his thought  
 Straightly to Me, count him amidst the good ;  
 He hath the high way chosen ; he shall grow  
 Righteous ere long ; he shall attain that peace  
 Which changes not. Thou Prince of India !  
 Be certain none can perish, trusting Me !  
 O Prithâ's Son ! whoso will turn to Me,  
 Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,  
 Woman or man ; sprung of the Vaiśya caste  
 Or lowly disregarded Sudra,—all  
 Plant foot upon the highest path ; how then  
 The holy Brahmans and My Royal Saints ?  
 Ah ! ye who into this ill world are come—

54 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Fleeting and false—set your faith fast on Me !  
Fix heart and thought on Me ! Adore Me !  
Bring  
Offerings to Me ! Make Me prostrations ! Make  
Me your supremest joy ! and, undivided,  
Unto My rest your spirits shall be guided.

HERE ENDS CHAPTER IX. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Râjavidyârajaguhayayôg,”  
Or “The Book of Religion by the Kingly Know-  
ledge and the Kingly Mystery.”*

## CHAPTER X

*Krishna.*<sup>1</sup> Hear farther yet, thou Long-Armed Lord! these latest words I say—Uttered to bring thee bliss and peace, who lovest Me alway—Not the great company of gods nor kingly Rishis know My Nature, Who have made the gods and Rishis long ago; He only knoweth—only he is free of sin, and wise, Who seeth Me, Lord of the Worlds, with faith-enlightened eyes, Unborn, undying, unbegun. Whatever Natures be To mortal men distributed, those natures spring from Me! Intellect, skill, enlightenment, endurance, self-control, Truthfulness, equability, and grief or joy of soul, And birth and death, and fearfulness, and fearlessness, and shame, And honour, and sweet harmlessness,<sup>2</sup> and peace which is the same

<sup>1</sup> The Sanskrit poem here rises to an elevation of style and manner which I have endeavoured to mark by change of metre.

<sup>2</sup> Ahinsâ.

Whate'er befalls, and mirth, and tears, and piety,  
and thrift,  
And wish to give, and will to help,—all cometh  
of My gift !  
The Seven Chief Saints, the Elders Four, the  
Lordly Manus set—  
Sharing My work—to rule the worlds, these too  
did I beget ;  
And Rishis, Pitrис, Manus, all, by one thought  
of My mind ;  
Thence did arise, to fill this world, the races of  
mankind ;  
Wherfrom who comprehends My Reign of  
mystic Majesty—  
That truth of truths—is thenceforth linked in  
faultless faith to Me :  
Yea ! knowing Me the source of all, by Me all  
creatures wrought,  
The wise in spirit cleave to Me, into My Being  
brought ;  
Hearts fixed on Me ; breaths breathed to Me ;  
praising Me, each to each,  
So have they happiness and peace, with pious  
thought and speech ;  
And unto these—thus serving well, thus loving  
ceaselessly—  
I give a mind of perfect mood, whereby they  
draw to Me ;  
And, all for love of them, within their darkened  
souls I dwell,  
And, with bright rays of wisdom's lamp, their  
ignorance dispel.

*Arjuna.* Yes ! Thou art Parabrahm ! The High Abode !

The Great Purification ! Thou art God Eternal, All-creating, Holy, First, Without beginning ! Lord of Lords and Gods<sup>1</sup> Declared by all the Saints—by Narada, Vyâsa Asita, and Devalas ; And here Thyself declaring unto me ! What Thou hast said now know I to be truth, O Keśava ! that neither gods nor men Nor demons comprehend Thy mystery Made manifest, Divinest ! Thou Thyself Thyself alone dost know, Maker Supreme ! Master of all the living ! Lord of Gods ! King of the Universe ! To Thee alone Belongs to tell the heavenly excellence Of those perfections wherewith Thou dost fill These worlds of Thine ; Pervading, Immanent ! How shall I learn, Supremest Mystery ! To know Thee, though I muse continually ? Under what form of Thine unnumbered forms Mayst Thou be grasped ? Ah ! yet again recount,

Clear and complete, Thy great appearances, The secrets of Thy Majesty and Might, Thou High Delight of Men ! Never enough Can mine ears drink the Amrit<sup>1</sup> of such words !

*Krishna.* Hanta ! So be it ! Kuru Prince ! I will to thee unfold Some portions of My Majesty, whose powers are manifold !

<sup>1</sup> The nectar of immortality.

I am the Spirit seated deep in every creature's heart ;  
 From Me they come ; by Me they live ; at My word they depart !  
 Vishnu of the Âdityas I am, those Lords of Light ;  
 Marîtchi of the Maruts, the Kings of Storm and Blight ;  
 By day I gleam, the golden Sun of burning cloudless Noon ;  
 By Night, amid the asterisms I glide, the dappled Moon !  
 Of Vedas I am Sâma-Ved, of gods in Indra's Heaven  
 Vâsava ; of the faculties to living beings given  
 The mind which apprehends and thinks ; of Rudras Sankara ;  
 Of Yakshas and of Râkshasas, Vittesh ; and Pâvaka  
 Of Vasus, and of mountain-peaks Meru ; Vrihaspati  
 Know Me 'mid planetary Powers ; 'mid Warriors heavenly  
 Skanda ; of all the water-floods the Sea which drinketh each,  
 And Bhrigu of the holy Saints, and Om of sacred speech ;  
 Of prayers the prayer ye whisper ;<sup>1</sup> of hills Himâla's snow,  
 And Aswattha, the fig-tree, of all the trees that grow ;  
 Of the Devarshis, Narada ; and Chitrarath of them

<sup>1</sup> Called "The Jap."

That sing in Heaven, and Kapila of Munis, and  
 the gem  
 Of flying steeds, Uchchaisravas, from Amrit-  
 wave which burst ;  
 Of elephants Airâvata ; of males the Best and  
 First ;  
 Of weapons Heav'n's hot thunderbolt ; of cows  
 white Kâmadhuk,  
 From whose great milky udder-teats all hearts'  
 desires are strook ;  
 Vâsuki of the serpent-tribes, round Mandara  
 entwined ;  
 And thousand-fanged Ananta, on whose broad  
 coils reclined  
 Leans Vishnu ; and of water-things Varuna ;  
 Aryam  
 Of Pitrîs, and, of those that judge, Yama the  
 Judge I am ;  
 Of Daityas dread Prahlâda ; of what metes days  
 and years,  
 Time's self I am ; of woodland-beasts—buffaloes,  
 deers, and bears—  
 The lordly-painted tiger ; of birds the vast Garûd,  
 The whirlwind 'mid the winds ; 'mid chiefs  
 Rama with blood imbrued,  
 Makar 'mid fishes of the sea, and Ganges 'mid  
 the streams ;  
 Yea ! First, and Last, and Centre of all which  
 is or seems  
 I am, Arjuna ! Wisdom Supreme of what is wise,  
 Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of  
 the eyes,

And "A" of written characters, Dwandwa<sup>1</sup> of  
 knitted speech,  
 And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose  
 power sustaineth each ;  
 And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous  
 sudden Birth,  
 Which brings to light all beings that are to be on  
 earth ;  
 And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song  
 am I,  
 And Memory, and Patience ; and Craft, and  
 Constancy :  
 Of Vedic hymns the Vrihatsâm, of metres Gayatrî,  
 Of months the Mârgasirsha, of all the seasons three  
 The flower-wreathed Spring ; in dicer's-play the  
 conquering Double-Eight ;  
 The splendour of the splendid, and the greatness  
 of the great,  
 Victory I am, and Action ! and the goodness of  
 the good,  
 And Vâsudev of Vrishni's race, and of this Pandu  
 brood  
 Thyself!—Yea, my Arjuna ! thyself ; for thou  
 art Mine !  
 Of poets Uśana, of saints Vyâsa, sage divine ; }  
 The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,  
 The great unbroken silence in learning's secret }  
 things ; }  
 The lore of all the learnèd, the seed of all  
 which springs.  
 Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,

<sup>1</sup> The compound form of Sanskrit words.

None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists  
by Me !  
Nor tongue can tell, Arjuna ! nor end of telling  
come  
Of these My boundless glories, whereof I teach  
thee some ;  
For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty,  
and might,  
From Me hath all proceeded. Receive thou  
this aright !  
Yet how shouldst thou receive, O Prince ! the  
vastness of this word ?  
I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate  
Lord !

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER X. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Vibhuti Yôg,”*  
*Or “The Book of Religion by the Heavenly*  
*Perfections.”*

## CHAPTER XI

*Arjuna.* This, for my soul's peace, have I  
heard from Thee,

The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme  
Named Adhyâtman ; comprehending which,  
My darkness is dispelled ; for now I know—  
O Lotus-eyed ! <sup>1</sup>—whence is the birth of men,  
And whence their death, and what the majesties  
Of Thine immortal rule. Fain would I see,  
As thou Thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord !  
The likeness of that glory of Thy Form  
Wholly revealed. O Thou Divinest One !  
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,  
Make Thyself visible, Lord of all prayers !  
Show me Thy very self, the Eternal God !

*Krishna.* Gaze, then, thou Son of Prithâ ! I  
manifest for thee

Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that  
clothe my Mystery :

I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich,  
divine,

My changeful hues, my countless forms. See !  
in this face of mine,

Âdityas, Vasus, Rudras, Aświns, and Maruts ; see  
Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince ! revealed  
to none save thee.

<sup>1</sup> “Kamalapatrâksha.”

Behold ! this is the Universe !—Look ! what is  
live and dead  
I gather all in one—in Me ! Gaze, as thy lips  
have said,  
On GOD ETERNAL, VERY GOD ! See Me ! see  
what thou prayest !

• • • •  
Thou canst not !—nor, with human eyes, Arjuna !  
ever mayest !

Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other  
eyes, new light !  
And, look ! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal  
sight !

*Sanjaya.* Then, O King ! the God, so saying,  
Stood, to Prithâ's Son displaying  
All the splendour, wonder, dread  
Of His vast Almighty-head.  
Out of countless eyes beholding,  
Out of countless mouths commanding,  
Countless mystic forms enfolding  
In one Form : supremely standing  
Countless radiant glories wearing,  
Countless heavenly weapons bearing,  
Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,  
Robed in garb of woven lustres,  
Breathing from His perfect Presence  
Breaths of every subtle essence  
Of all heavenly odours ; shedding  
Blinding brilliance ; overspreading—  
Boundless, beautiful—all spaces  
With His all-regarding faces ;  
So He showed ! If there should rise

Suddenly within the skies  
 Sunburst of a thousand suns  
 Flooding earth with beams undreamed-of,  
 Then might be that Holy One's  
 Majesty and radiance dreamed of !

So did Pandu's Son behold  
 All this universe enfold  
 All its huge diversity  
 Into one vast shape, and be  
 Visible, and viewed, and blended  
 In one Body—subtle, splendid,  
 Nameless—th' All-comprehending  
 God of Gods, the Never-Ending  
 Deity !

But, sore amazed,  
 Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed,  
 Arjuna knelt ; and bowed his head,  
 And clasped his palms ; and cried, and said :  
*Arjuna.* Yea ! I have seen ! I see !  
 Lord ! all is wrapped in Thee !  
 The gods are in Thy glorious frame ! the creatures  
 Of earth, and heaven, and hell  
 In Thy Divine form dwell,  
 And in Thy countenance shine all the features

Of Brahma, sitting lone  
 Upon His lotus-throne ;  
 Of saints and sages, and the serpent races  
 Ananta, Vâsuki ;  
 Yea ! mightiest Lord ! I see  
 Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and faces.

And eyes,—on every side  
 Perfect, diversified ;  
 And nowhere end of Thee, nowhere beginning,  
 Nowhere a centre ! Shifts—  
 Wherever soul's gaze lifts—  
 Thy central Self, all-wielding, and all-winning !

Infinite King ! I see  
 The anadem on Thee,  
 The club, the shell, the discus; see Thee  
 burning  
 In beams insufferable,  
 Lighting earth, heaven, and hell  
 With brilliance blazing, glowing, flashing;  
 turning

Darkness to dazzling day,  
 Look I whichever way ;  
 Ah, Lord ! I worship Thee, the Undivided,  
 The Uttermost of thought,  
 The Treasure-Palace wrought  
 To hold the wealth of the worlds; the Shield  
 provided

To shelter Virtue's laws;  
 The Fount whence Life's stream draws  
 All waters of all rivers of all being :  
 The One Unborn, Unending :  
 Unchanging and Unblending !  
 With might and majesty, past thought, past  
 seeing !

Silver of moon and gold  
 Of sun are glories rolled  
 From Thy great eyes ; Thy visage, beaming  
     tender  
     Throughout the stars and skies,  
     Doth to warm life surprise  
 Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with  
     wonder

Of Thy perfections ! Space  
     Star-sprinkled, and void place  
 From pole to pole of the Blue, from bound to  
     bound,  
     Hath Thee in every spot,  
     Thee, Thee !—Where Thou art not,  
 O Holy, Marvellous Form ! is nowhere found !

O Mystic, Awful One !  
     At sight of Thee, made known,  
 The Three Worlds quake ; the lower gods draw  
     nigh Thee ;  
     They fold their palms, and bow  
     Body, and breast, and brow,  
 And, whispering worship, laud and magnify  
     Thee !

Rishis and Siddhas cry  
     “ Hail ! Highest Majesty ! ”  
 From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory  
     In dulcet harmony,  
     Sounding the praise of Thee ;  
 While countless companies take up the story,

Rudras, who ride the storms,  
 Th' Âdityas' shining forms,  
 Vâsus and Sâdhyas, Viśwas, Ushmapas ;  
 Maruts, and those great Twins  
 The heavenly, fair, Aświns,  
 Gandharvas, Rakshasas, Siddhas, and Asuras,<sup>1</sup>—

These see Thee, and revere  
 In sudden-stricken fear ;  
 Yea ! the Worlds,—seeing Thee with form  
 stupendous,  
 With faces manifold,  
 With eyes which all behold,  
 Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremen-  
 dous,

Flanks, lit with sun and star,  
 Feet planted near and far,  
 Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender ;—  
 The Three wide Worlds before Thee  
 Adore, as I adore Thee,  
 Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendour !

I mark Thee strike the skies  
 With front, in wondrous wise  
 Huge, rainbow-painted, glittering ; and thy mouth  
 Opened, and orbs which see  
 All things, whatever be  
 In all Thy worlds, east, west, and north and  
 south.

<sup>1</sup> These are all divine or deified orders of the Hindoo Pantheon.

O Eyes of God ! O Head !  
 My strength of soul is fled,  
 Gone is heart's force, rebuked is mind's desire !  
 When I behold Thee so,  
 With awful brows a-glow,  
 With burning glance, and lips lighted by fire

Fierce as those flames which shall  
 Consume, at close of all,  
 Earth, Heaven ! Ah me ! I see no Earth and  
 Heaven !  
 Thee, Lord of Lords ! I see,  
 Thee only—only Thee !  
 Now let Thy mercy unto me be given,

Thou Refuge of the World !  
 Lo ! to the cavern hurled  
 Of Thy wide-opened throat, and lips white-tushed,  
 I see our noblest ones,  
 Great Dhritarashtra's sons,  
 Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed !

The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,  
 That gaping gorge within ;  
 The best of both these armies torn and riven !  
 Between Thy jaws they lie  
 Mangled full bloodily,  
 Ground into dust and death ! Like streams  
 down-driven

With helpless haste, which go  
 In headlong furious flow

Straight to the gulping deeps of th' unfiled ocean,  
 So to that flaming cave  
 Those heroes great and brave  
 Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion !

Like moths which in the night  
 Flutter towards a light,  
 Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,  
 So to their death still throng,  
 Blind, dazzled, borne along  
 Ceaselessly, all those multitudes, wild flying !

Thou, that hast fashioned men,  
 Devourest them again,  
 One with another, great and small, alike !  
 The creatures whom Thou mak'st,  
 With flaming jaws Thou tak'st,  
 Lapping them up ! Lord God ! Thy terrors  
 strike

From end to end of earth,  
 Filling life full, from birth  
 To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread !  
 Ah, Vishnu ! make me know  
 Why is Thy visage so ?  
 Who art Thou, feasting thus upon Thy dead ?

Who ? awful Deity !  
 I bow myself to Thee,  
*Nāmostu Tē, Devavara ! Prasid !*<sup>1</sup>  
 O Mightiest Lord ! rehearse

<sup>1</sup> " Hail to Thee, God of Gods ! Be favourable ! "

Why hast Thou face so fierce ?  
Whence doth this aspect horrible proceed ?

*Krishna.* Thou seest Me as Time who kills,  
Time who brings all to doom,  
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither  
to consume ;  
Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chiefs  
arrayed,  
There stands not one shall leave alive the battle-  
field ! Dismayed  
No longer be ! Arise ! obtain renown ! destroy  
thy foes !  
Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou  
hast vanquished those.  
By Me they fall—not thee ! the stroke of death  
is dealt them now,  
Even as they show thus gallantly ; My instrument  
art thou !  
Strike, strong-armed Prince, at Drona ! at  
Bhishma strike ! deal death  
On Karna, Jyadratha ; stay all their warlike  
breath !  
'Tis I who bid them perish ! Thou wilt but  
slay the slain ;  
Fight ! they must fall, and thou must live, victor  
upon this plain !

*Sanjaya.* Hearing mighty Keshav's word,  
Tremblingly that helmèd Lord  
Clasped his lifted palms, and—praying  
Grace of Krishna—stood there, saying,  
With bowed brow and accents broken,  
These words, timorously spoken :

*Arjuna.* Worthily, Lord of Might !  
 The whole world hath delight  
 In Thy surpassing power, obeying Thee ;  
 The Rakshasas, in dread  
 At sight of Thee, are sped  
 To all four quarters ; and the company

Of Siddhas sound Thy name.  
 How should they not proclaim  
 Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest ?  
 Thou Brahm, than Brahma greater !  
 Thou Infinite Creator !  
 Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest.

Thou, of all souls the Soul !  
 The Comprehending Whole !  
 Of being formed, and formless being the Framer ;  
 O Utmost One ! O Lord !  
 Older than ehd, Who stored  
 The worlds with wealth of life ! O Treasure-  
 Claimer,

Who wottest all, and art  
 Wisdom Thyself ! O Part  
 In all, and All ; for all from Thee have risen  
 Numberless now I see  
 The aspects are of Thee !  
 Vayu<sup>1</sup> Thou art, and He who keeps the prison

Of Narak, Yama dark ;  
 And Agni's shining spark ;

<sup>1</sup> The wind.

72      THE SONG CELESTIAL

Varuna's waves are Thy waves. Moon and  
starlight

Are Thine ! Prajâpati  
Art Thou, and 'tis to Thee

They knelt in worshipping the old world's far light,

The first of mortal men.

Again, Thou God ! again

A thousand thousand times be magnified !

Honour and worship be—

Glory and praise,—to Thee

*Namô, Namastê*, cried on every side ;

Cried here, above, below,

Uttered when Thou dost go,

Uttered where Thou dost come ! *Namô ! we*  
*call* ;

*Namôstu ! God adored !*

*Namôstu ! Nameless Lord !*

Hail to Thee ! Praise to Thee ! Thou One  
in all ;

For Thou art All ! Yea, Thou !

Ah ! if in anger now

Thou shouldst remember I did think Thee Friend,  
Speaking with easy speech,

As men use each to each ;

Did call Thee "Krishna," "Prince," nor com-  
prehend

Thy hidden majesty,

The might, the awe of Thee ;

Did, in my heedlessness, or in my love,  
 On journey, or in jest,  
 Or when we lay at rest,  
 Sitting at council, straying in the grove,

Alone, or in the throng,  
 Do Thee, most Holy ! wrong,  
 Be Thy grace granted for that witless sin  
 For Thou art, now I know,  
 Father of all below,  
 Of all above, of all the worlds within

Guru of Gurus ; more  
 To reverence and adore  
 Than all which is adorable and high !  
 How, in the wide worlds three  
 Should any equal be ?  
 Should any other share Thy Majesty ?

Therefore, with body bent  
 And reverent intent,  
 I praise, and serve, and seek Thee, asking grace.  
 As father to a son,  
 As friend to friend, as one  
 Who loveth to his lover, turn Thy face

In gentleness on me !  
 Good is it I did see  
 This unknown marvel of Thy Form ! But fear  
 Mingles with joy ! Retake,  
 Dear Lord ! for pity's sake  
 Thine earthly shape, which earthly eyes may bear

Be merciful, and show  
 The visage that I know ;  
 Let me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed  
 With disc and forehead-gem,  
 With mace and anadem,  
 Thou that sustainest all things ! Undismayed

Let me once more behold  
 The form I loved of old,  
 Thou of the thousand arms and countless  
 eyes !

This frightened heart is fain  
 To see restored again  
 My Charioteer, in Krishna's kind disguise.

*Krishna.* Yea ! thou hast seen, Arjuna !  
 because I loved thee well,  
 The secret countenance of Me, revealed by  
 mystic spell,

Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, mani-  
 fold,

Which none save thou in all the years had favour  
 to behold ;

For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor  
 alms,

Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor  
 prayers, nor chaunted psalms,

That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal  
 Soul unclad,

Prince of the Kurus ! This was kept for thee  
 alone ! Be glad !

Let no more trouble shake thy heart, because  
 thine eyes have seen

My terror with My glory. As I before have  
been

So will I be again for thee ; with lightened heart  
behold !

Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou  
knew'st of old !

*Sanjaya.* These words to Arjuna spake

Vâsudev, and straight did take  
Back again the semblance dear  
Of the well-loved charioteer ;  
Peace and joy it did restore  
When the Prince beheld once more  
Mighty BRAHMA's form and face  
Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

*Arjuna.* Now that I see come back, Janâr-  
dana !

This friendly human frame, my mind can  
think

Calm thoughts once more ; my heart beats still  
again !

*Krishna.* Yea ! it was wonderful and terrible  
To view me as thou didst, dear Prince ! The  
gods

Dread and desire continually to view !  
Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,  
Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer  
Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen !  
Only by fullest service, perfect faith,  
And uttermost surrender am I known  
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince !  
Who doeth all for Me ; who findeth Me  
In all ; adoreth always ; loveth all

76 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole end,  
That man, Arjuna ! unto Me doth wend.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XI. OF THE  
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Viśwarupadarśanam,”  
Or “The Book of the Manifesting of the One  
and Manifold.”*

## CHAPTER XII

*Arjuna.* Lord ! of the men who serve Thee—  
true in heart—

As God revealed ; and of the men who serve,  
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, Far,  
Which take the better way of faith and life ?

*Krishna.* Whoever serve Me—as I show Myself—

Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,  
Those hold I very holy. But who serve—  
Worshipping Me The One, The Invisible,  
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,  
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure—  
Who thus adore Me, mastering their sense,  
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,  
These blessed souls come unto Me.

Yet, hard

The travail is for such as bend their minds  
To reach th' Unmanifest. That viewless path  
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing the flesh !  
But whereso any doeth all his deeds  
Renouncing self for Me, full of Me, fixed  
To serve only the Highest, night and day  
Musing on Me—him will I swiftly lift  
Forth from life's ocean of distress and death,  
Whose soul clings fast to Me. Cling thou to  
Me !

## 78 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Clasp Me with heart and mind ! so shalt thou  
dwell

Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought  
Droops from such height ; if thou be'st weak to  
set

Body and soul upon Me constantly,  
Despair not ! give Me lower service ! seek  
To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will ;  
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,  
Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me !  
For he that laboureth right for love of Me  
Shall finally attain ! But, if in this  
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure ! find  
Refuge in Me ! let fruits of labour go,  
Renouncing hope for Me, with lowliest heart,  
So shalt thou come ; for, though to know is more  
Than diligence, yet worship better is  
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.  
Near to renunciation—very near—  
Dwelleteth Eternal Peace !

Who hateth nought  
Of all which lives, living himself benign,  
Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,  
Exempt from love of self, unchangeable  
By good or ill ; patient, contented, firm  
In faith, mastering himself, true to his word,  
Seeking Me, heart and soul ; vowed unto Me,—  
That man I love ! Who troubleth not his kind,  
And is not troubled by them ; clear of wrath,  
Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,  
That man I love ! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ Not peering about,” *anapeksha*.

Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,  
 Working with Me, yet from all works detached,  
 That man I love ! Who, fixed in faith on Me,  
 Dotes upon none, scorns none ; rejoices not,  
 And grieves not, letting good or evil hap  
 Light when it will, and when it will depart,  
 That man I love ! Who, unto friend and foe  
 Keeping an equal heart, with equal mind  
 Bears shame and glory ; with an equal peace  
 Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain ; abides  
 Quit of desires, hears praise or calumny  
 In passionless restraint, unmoved by each ;  
 Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in Me,  
 That man I love ! But most of all I love  
 Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live  
 In single fervid faith and love unseeing,  
 Drinking the blessed Amrit of my Being !

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled "Bhaktiyôg,"*  
*Or "The Book of the Religion of Faith."*

## CHAPTER XIII

*Arjuna.* Now would I hear, O gracious  
Keśava ! <sup>1</sup>

Of Life which seems, and Soul beyond, which  
sees,

And what it is we know—or think to know.

*Krishna.* Yea ! Son of Kunti ! for this flesh  
ye see

Is *Kshetra*, is the field where Life disports ;  
And that which views and knows it is the Soul,  
*Kshetrajna*. In all “ fields,” thou Indian  
prince !

I am *Kshetrajna*. I am what surveys !

Only that knowledge knows which knows the  
known

By the knower ! <sup>2</sup> What it is, that “ field ” of life,  
What qualities it hath, and whence it is,  
And why it changeth, and the faculty  
That wotteth it, the mightiness of this,  
And how it wotteth—hear these things from Me !

• • • • •

<sup>1</sup> The Calcutta edition of the Mahábhárata has these three opening lines.

<sup>2</sup> This is the nearest possible version of *Kshetrakshet-rajnayojnánan yat tajnán matan mama*.

<sup>3</sup> I omit two lines of the Sanskrit here, evidently interpolated by some Vedantist.

The elements, the conscious life, the mind,  
 The unseen vital force, the nine strange gates  
 Of the body, and the five domains of sense ;  
 Desire, dislike, pleasure and pain, and thought  
 Deep-woven, and persistency of being ;  
 These all are wrought on Matter by the Soul !

Humbleness, truthfulness, and harmlessness,  
 Patience and honour, reverence for the wise.  
 Purity, constancy, control of self,  
 Contempt of sense-delights, self-sacrifice,  
 Perception of the certitude of ill  
 In birth, death, age, disease, suffering, and sin ;  
 Detachment, lightly holding unto home,  
 Children, and wife, and all that bindeth men ;  
 An ever-tranquil heart in fortunes good  
 And fortunes evil, with a will set firm  
 To worship Me—Me only ! ceasing not ;  
 Loving all solitudes, and shunning noise  
 Of foolish crowds ; endeavours resolute  
 To reach perception of the Utmost Soul,  
 And grace to understand what gain it were  
 So to attain,—this is true Wisdom, Prince !  
 And what is otherwise is ignorance !

Now will I speak of knowledge best to know—  
 That Truth which giveth man Amrit to drink,  
 The Truth of HIM, the Para-Brahm, the All,  
 The Uncreated ; not *Asat*, not *Sat*,  
 Not Form, nor the Unformed ; yet both, and  
 more ;—  
 Whose hands are everywhere, and everywhere

## 82 THE SONG CELESTIAL

Planted His feet, and everywhere His eyes  
Beholding, and His ears in every place  
Hearing, and all His faces everywhere  
Enlightening and encompassing His worlds.  
Glorified in the senses He hath given,  
Yet beyond sense He is ; sustaining all,  
Yet dwells He unattached : of forms and modes  
Master, yet neither form nor mode hath He ;  
He is within all beings—and without—  
Motionless, yet still moving ; not discerned  
For subtlety of instant presence ; close  
To all, to each ; yet measurelessly far !  
Not manifold, and yet subsisting still  
In all which lives ; for ever to be known  
As the Sustainer, yet, at the End of Tines,  
He maketh all to end—and re-creates.  
The Light of Lights He is, in the heart of the  
Dark  
Shining eternally. Wisdom He is  
And Wisdom's way, and Guide of all the wise,  
Planted in every heart.

So have I told  
Of Life's stuff, and the moulding, and the lore  
To comprehend. Whoso, adoring Me,  
Perceiveth this, shall surely come to Me !

Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both  
Have no beginning ! Know that qualities  
And changes of them are by Nature wrought ;  
That Nature puts to work the acting frame,  
But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause  
Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked

To moulded matter, entereth into bond  
 With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus  
 Married to matter, breeds the birth again  
 In good or evil *yonis*.<sup>1</sup>

Yet is this—

Yea ! in its bodily prison !—Spirit pure,  
 Spirit supreme ; surveying, governing,  
 Guarding, possessing ; Lord and Master still  
 PURUSHA, Ultimate, One Soul with Me.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul  
 PURUSHA, working through the qualities  
 With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him '  
 Whatever flesh he bears, never again  
 Shall he take on its load. Some few there be  
 By meditation find the Soul in Self  
 Self-schooled ; and some by long philosophy  
 And holy life reach thither ; some by works :  
 Some, never so attaining, hear of light  
 From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it  
 Worshipping ; yea ! and those—to teaching true—  
 Overpass Death !

Wherever, Indian Prince !  
 Life is—of moving things, or things unmoved,  
 Plant or still seed—know, what is there hath grown  
 By bond of Matter and of Spirit : Know  
 He sees indeed who sees in all alike  
 The living, lordly Soul ; the Soul Supreme,  
 Imperishable amid the Perishing :  
 For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,  
 In every form, the same, one, Living Life,

<sup>1</sup> Wombs.

Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,  
 But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.  
 Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works  
 Are Nature's wont, for Soul to practise by  
 Acting, yet not the agent ; sees the mass  
 Of separate living things—each of its kind—  
 Issue from One, and blend again to One :  
 Then hath he BRAHMA, he attains !

O Prince !

That Ultimate, High Spirit, Uncreate,  
 Unqualified, even when it entereth flesh  
 Taketh no stain of acts, worketh in nought !  
 Like to th' ethereal air, pervading all,  
 Which, for sheer subtlety, avoideth taint,  
 The subtle Soul sits everywhere, unstained :  
 Like to the light of the all-piercing sun  
 [Which is not changed by aught it shines upon,]  
 The Soul's light shineth pure in every place ;  
 And they who, by such eye of wisdom, see  
 How Matter, and what deals withit , divide ;  
 And how the Spirit and the flesh have strife,  
 Those wise ones go the way which leads to Life !

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIII. OF THE  
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Kshetrakshetrajanavibhâgayôg,”  
 Or “The Book of Religion by Separation of  
 Matter and Spirit.”*

## CHAPTER XIV

*Krishna.* Yet farther will I open unto thee  
This wisdom of all wisdoms, uttermost,  
The which possessing, all My saints have passed  
To perfectness. On such high verities  
Reliant, rising into fellowship  
With Me, they are not born again at birth  
Of *Kalpas*, nor at *Pralyas* suffer change !

This Universe the womb is where I plant  
Seed of all lives ! Thence, Prince of India, comes  
Birth to all beings ! Whoso, Kunti's Son !  
Mothers each mortal form, Brahma conceives,  
And I am He that fathers, sending seed !

*Sattwan*, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*, so are named  
The qualities of Nature, "Soothfastness,"  
"Passion," and "Ignorance." These three  
bind down  
The changeless Spirit in the changeful flesh.  
Whereof sweet "Soothfastness," by purity  
Living unsullied and enlightened, binds  
The sinless Soul to happiness and truth ;  
And Passion, being kin to appetite,  
And breeding impulse and propensity,  
Binds the embodied Soul, O Kunti's Son !  
By tie of works. But Ignorance, begot

Of Darkness, blinding mortal men, binds down  
 Their souls to stupor, sloth, and drowsiness.  
 Yea, Prince of India ! Soothfastness binds souls  
 In pleasant wise to flesh ; and Passion binds  
 By toilsome strain ; but Ignorance, which blots  
 The beams of wisdom, binds the soul to sloth.  
 Passion and Ignorance, once overcome,  
 Leave Soothfastness, O Bharata ! Where this  
 With Ignorance are absent, Passion rules ;  
 And Ignorance in hearts not good nor quick.  
 When at all gateways of the Body shines  
 The Lamp of Knowledge, then may one see well  
 Soothfastness settled in that city reigns ;  
 Where longing is, and ardour, and unrest,  
 Impulse to strive and gain, and avarice,  
 Those spring from Passion—Prince!—engrained ;  
 and where  
 Darkness and dulness, sloth and stupor are,  
 'Tis Ignorance hath caused them, Kuru Chief !

Moreover, when a soul departeth, fixed  
 In Soothfastness, it goeth to the place—  
 Perfect and pure—of those that know all Truth.  
 If it departeth in set habitude  
 Of Impulse, it shall pass into the world  
 Of spirits tied to works ; and, if it dies  
 In hardened Ignorance, that blinded soul  
 Is born anew in some unlighted womb.

The fruit of Soothfastness is true and sweet ;  
 The fruit of lusts is pain and toil ; the fruit  
 Of Ignorance is deeper darkness. Yea !

For Light brings light, and Passion ache to have ;  
 And gloom, bewilderments, and ignorance  
 Grow forth from Ignorance. Those of the first  
 Rise ever higher ; those of the second mode  
 Take a mid place ; the darkened souls sink back  
 To lower deeps, loaded with witlessness !

When, watching life, the living man perceives  
 The only actors are the Qualities,  
 And knows what rules beyond the Qualities,  
 Then is he come nigh unto Me !

The Soul,  
 Thus passing forth from the Three Qualities—  
 Whereby arise all bodies—overcomes  
 Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age ; and drinketh  
 deep

The undying wine of Amrit.

*Arjuna.*                                    Oh, my Lord !  
 Which be the signs to know him that hath gone  
 Past the Three Modes ? How liveth he ? What  
 way

Leadeth him safe beyond the threefold Modes ?

*Krishna.* He who with equanimity surveys  
 Lustre of goodness, strife of passion, sloth  
 Of ignorance, not angry if they are,  
 Not wishful when they are not : he who sits  
 A sojourner and stranger in their midst  
 Unruffled, standing off, saying—serene—  
 When troubles break, “ These be the Qualities ! ”  
 He unto whom—self-centred—grief and joy  
 Sound as one word ; to whose deep-seeing eyes  
 The clod, the marble, and the gold are one ;

Whose equal heart holds the same gentleness  
 For lovely and unlovely things, firm-set,  
 Well-pleased in praise and dispraise ; satisfied  
 With honour or dishonour ; unto friends  
 And unto foes alike in tolerance ;  
 Detached from undertakings,—he is named  
 Surmounter of the Qualities !

And such—  
 With single, fervent faith adoring Me,  
 Passing beyond the Qualities, conforms  
 To Brahma, and attains Me !

For I am  
 That whereof Brahma is the likeness ! Mine  
 The Amrit is ; and Immortality  
 Is mine ; and mine perfect Felicity !

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIV. OF THE  
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ

*Entitled “Gunatrayavibhâgayôg,”*  
*Or “The Book of Religion by Separation from the*  
*Qualities.”*

## CHAPTER XV

*Krishna.* Men call the Aśvattha,—the  
Banyan-tree,—

Which hath its boughs beneath, its roots above,—  
The ever-holy tree. Yea! for its leaves  
Are green and waving hymns which whisper  
Truth!

Who knows the Aśvattha, knows Veds, and all.

Its branches shoot to heaven and sink to earth,<sup>1</sup>  
Even as the deeds of men, which take their birth

From qualities: its silver sprays and blooms,  
And all the eager verdure of its girth,  
Leap to quick life at kiss of sun and air,  
As men's lives quicken to the temptings fair

Of wooing sense: its hanging rootlets seek  
The soil beneath, helping to hold it there,

As actions wrought amid this world of men  
Bind them by ever-tightening bonds again.

If ye knew well the teaching of the Tree,  
What its shape saith; and whence it springs;  
and, then

<sup>1</sup>I do not consider the Sanskrit verses here—which are somewhat freely rendered—“an attack on the authority of the Vedas,” with Mr Davies, but a beautiful lyrical episode, a new “Parable of the fig-tree.”

How it must end, and all the ills of it,  
 The axe of sharp Detachment ye would whet,  
     And cleave the clinging snaky roots, and lay  
 This Aśvattha of sense-life low,—to set

New growths upspringing to that happier sky,—  
 Which they who reach shall have no day to die,  
     Nor fade away, nor fall—to Him, I mean,  
**FATHER** and **FIRST**, Who made the mystery

Of old Creation ; for to Him come they  
 From passion and from dreams who break away ;  
     Who part the bonds constraining them to flesh,  
 And,—Him, the Highest, worshipping alway—

No longer grow at mercy of what breeze  
 Of summer pleasure stirs the sleeping trees,  
     What blast of tempest tearsthem,bough and stem:  
 To the eternal world pass such as these !

Another Sun gleams there ! another Moon !  
 Another Light,—not Dusk, nor Dawn, nor  
     Noon—

Which they who once behold return no more ;  
 They have attained My rest, life's Utmost boon !

When, in this world of manifested life,  
 The undying Spirit, setting forth from Me,  
 Taketh on form, it draweth to itself  
 From Being's storehouse,— which containeth  
     all,—  
 Senses and intellect. The Sovereign Soul

Thus entering the flesh, or quitting it,  
Gathers these up, as the wind gathers scents,  
Blowing above the flower-beds. Ear and Eye,  
And Touch and Taste, and Smelling, these it  
takes,—

Yea, and a sentient mind ;—linking itself  
To sense-things so.

The unenlightened ones  
Mark not that Spirit when he goes or comes,  
Nor when he takes his pleasure in the form,  
Conjoined with qualities ; but those see plain  
Who have the eyes to see. Holy souls see  
Which strive thereto. Enlightened, they perceive  
That Spirit in themselves ; but foolish ones,  
Even though they strive, discern not, having  
hearts  
Unkindled, ill-informed !

Know, too, from Me  
Shineth the gathered glory of the suns  
Which lighten all the world : from Me the moons  
Draw silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.  
I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes  
Their living force ; I glide into the plant—  
Root, leaf, and bloom—to make the woodlands  
green  
With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,  
I glow in glad, respiration frames, and pass,  
With outward and with inward breath, to feed  
The body by all meats.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I omit a verse here, evidently interpolated.

For in this world  
 Being is twofold : the Divided, one ;  
 The Undivided, one. All things that live  
 Are “the Divided.” That which sits apart,  
 “The Undivided.”

Higher still is He,  
 The Highest, holding all, whose Name is LORD,  
 The Eternal, Sovereign, First ! Who fills all  
 worlds,  
 Sustaining them. And—dwelling thus beyond  
 Divided Being and Undivided—I  
 Am called of men and Vedas, Life Supreme,  
 The PURUSHOTTAMA.

Who knows Me thus,  
 With mind unclouded, knoweth all, dear Prince !  
 And with his whole soul ever worshippeth Me.

Now is the sacred, secret Mystery  
 Declared to thee ! Who comprehendeth this  
 Hath wisdom ! He is quit of works in bliss !

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XV. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

*Entitled “Purushottamapraptiyôg,”*  
*Or “The Book of Religion by attaining the*  
*Supreme.”*

## CHAPTER XVI

*Krishna.* Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will

Always to strive for wisdom ; opened hand  
And governed appetites ; and piety,  
And love of lonely study ; humbleness,  
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,  
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind  
That lightly letteth go what others prize ;  
And equanimity, and charity  
Which spieth no man's faults ; and tenderness  
Towards all that suffer ; a contented heart,  
Fluttered by no desires ; a bearing mild,  
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed,  
With patience, fortitude, and purity ;  
An unrevengeful spirit, never given  
To rate itself too high ;—such be the signs,  
O Indian Prince ! of him whose feet are set  
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth !

Deceitfulness, and arrogance, and pride,  
Quickness to anger, harsh and evil speech,  
And ignorance, to its own darkness blind,—  
These be the signs, My Prince ! of him whose  
birth

Is fated for the regions of the vile.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “ Of the Asuras,” lit.

The Heavenly Birth brings to deliverance,  
 So should'st thou know ! The birth with Asuras  
 Brings into bondage. Be thou joyous, Prince !  
 Whose lot is set apart for heavenly Birth.

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,  
 Divine and Undivine ; I spake to thee  
 By what marks thou shouldst know the Heavenly  
 Man,  
 Hear from me now of the Unheavenly !

They comprehend not, the Unheavenly,  
 How Souls go forth from Me ; nor how they  
 come  
 Back unto Me : nor is there Truth in these,  
 Nor purity, nor rule of Life. "This world  
 Hath not a Law, nor Order, nor a Lord,"  
 So say they : "nor hath risen up by Cause  
 Following on Cause, in perfect purposing,  
 But is none other than a House of Lust."  
 And, this thing thinking, all those ruined ones—  
 Of little wit, dark-minded—give themselves  
 To evil deeds, the curses of their kind.  
 Surrendered to desires insatiable,  
 Full of deceitfulness, folly, and pride,  
 In blindness cleaving to their errors, caught  
 Into the sinful course, they trust this lie  
 As it were true—this lie which leads to death—  
 Finding in Pleasure all the good which is,  
 And crying "Here it finisheth !"

Ensnared

In nooses of a hundred idle hopes,  
Slaves to their passion and their wrath, they buy  
Wealth with base deeds, to glut hot appetites ;  
“ Thus much, to-day,” they say, “ we gained !  
                thereby

Such and such wish of heart shall have its fill ;  
And this is ours ! and th’ other shall be ours !  
To-day we slew a foe, and we will slay  
Our other enemy to-morrow ! Look !  
Are we not lords ? Make we not goodly cheer ?  
Is not our fortune famous, brave, and great ?  
Rich are we, proudly born ! What other men  
Live like to us ? Kill, then, for sacrifice !  
Cast largesse, and be merry ! ” So they speak  
Darkened by ignorance ; and so they fall—  
Tossed to and fro with projects, tricked, and bound  
In net of black delusion, lost in lusts—  
Down to foul Naraka. Conceited, fond,  
Stubborn and proud, dead-drunken with the wine  
Of wealth, and reckless, all their offerings  
Have but a show of reverence, being not made  
In piety of ancient faith. Thus vowed  
To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,  
These My blasphemers, in the forms they wear  
And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,  
Hateful and hating ; cruel, evil, vile,  
Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down  
Again, and yet again, at end of lives,  
Into some devilish womb, whence—birth by  
                birth—  
The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled ;  
And, till they find and worship Me, sweet Prince !

Tread they that Nether Road.

The Doors of Hell

Are threefold, whereby men to ruin pass,—  
 The door of Lust, the door of Wrath, the door  
 Of Avarice. Let a man shun those three !  
 He who shall turn aside from entering  
 All those three gates of Narak, wendeth straight  
 To find his peace, and comes to Swarga's gate.

<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I omit the ten concluding shlokas, with Mr Davis.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVI. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled “*Daivasarasaupadwibhâgâyôg*,”  
 Or “*The Book of the Separateness of the Divine  
 and Undivine*. ”

## CHAPTER XVII

*Arjuna.* If men forsake the holy ordinance,  
Hedless of Shastras, yet keep faith at heart  
And worship, what shall be the state of those,  
Great Krishna ! *Sattwan, Rajas, Tamas?* Say !

*Krishna.* Threecold the faith is of mankind,  
and springs  
From those three qualities,—becoming “ true,”  
Or “ passion-stained,” or “ dark,” as thou shalt  
hear !

The faith of each believer, Indian Prince !  
Conforms itself to what he truly is.  
Where thou shalt see a worshipper, that one  
To what he worships lives assimilate,  
[Such as the shrine, so is the votary,]  
The “soothfast” souls adore true gods ; the souls  
Obeying *Rajas* worship Rakshasas<sup>1</sup>  
Or Yakshas ; and the men of Darkness pray  
To Pretas and to Bhutas.<sup>2</sup> Yea, and those  
Who practise bitter penance, not enjoined  
By rightful rule—penance which hath its root  
In self-sufficient, proud hypocrisies—

<sup>1</sup> Rakshasas and Yakshas are unembodied but capricious beings of great power, gifts, and beauty, sometimes also of benignity.

<sup>2</sup> These are spirits of evil, wandering ghosts.

Those men, passion-beset, violent, wild,  
 Torturing—the witless ones—My elements  
 Shut in fair company within their flesh,  
 (Nay, Me myself, present within the flesh ! )  
 Know them to devils devoted, not to Heaven !  
 For like as foods are threefold for mankind  
 In nourishing, so is there threefold way  
 Of worship, abstinence, and almsgiving !  
 Hear this of Me ! there is a food which brings  
 Force, substance, strength, and health, and joy  
 to live,  
 Being well-seasoned, cordial, comforting,  
 The “Soothfast” meat. And there be foods  
 which bring  
 Aches and unrests, and burning blood, and grief  
 Being too biting, heating, salt, and sharp,  
 And therefore craved by too strong appetite.  
 And there is foul food—kept from over-night,<sup>1</sup>  
 Savourless, filthy, which the foul will eat,  
 A feast of rottenness, meet for the lips  
 Of such as love the “Darkness.”

Thus with rites ;—

A sacrifice not for rewardment made,  
 Offered in rightful wise, when he who vows  
 Sayeth, with heart devout, “This I should do ! ”  
 Is “Soothfast” rite. But sacrifice for gain,  
 Offered for good repute, be sure that this,  
 O Best of Bharatas ! is Rajas-rite,

<sup>1</sup> *Yātayaman*, food which has remained after the watches of the night. In India this would probably “go bad.”

With stamp of "passion." And a sacrifice  
Offered against the laws, with no due dole  
Of food-giving, with no accompaniment  
Of hallowed hymn, nor largesse to the priests,  
In faithless celebration, call it vile,  
The deed of "Darkness!"—lost!

Worship of gods

Meriting worship; lowly reverence  
Of Twice-borns, Teachers, Elders; Purity,  
Rectitude, and the Brahmacharya's vow,  
And not to injure any helpless thing,—  
These make a true religiousness of Act.

Words causing no man woe, words ever  
true,  
Gentle and pleasing words, and those ye say  
In murmured reading of a Sacred Writ,—  
These make the true religiousness of Speech.

Serenity of soul, benignity,  
Sway of the silent Spirit, constant stress  
To sanctify the Nature,—these things make  
Good rite, and true religiousness of Mind.

Such threefold faith, in highest piety  
Kept, with no hope of gain, by hearts devote  
Is perfect work of *Sattwan*, true belief.

Religion shown in act of proud display  
To win good entertainment, worship, fame,  
Such—say I—is of *Rajas*, rash and vain.

Religion followed by a witless will  
 To torture self, or come at power to hurt  
 Another,—'tis of *Tamas*, dark and ill.

The gift lovingly given, when one shall say  
 “Now must I gladly give!” when he who takes  
 Can render nothing back; made in due place,  
 Due time, and to a meet recipient,  
 Is gift of *Sattwan*, fair and profitable.

The gift selfishly given, where to receive  
 Is hoped again, or when some end is sought,  
 Or where the gift is proffered with a grudge,  
 This is of *Rajas*, stained with impulse, ill.

The gift churlishly flung, at evil time,  
 In wrongful place, to base recipient,  
 Made in disdain or harsh unkindliness,  
 Is gift of *Tamas*, dark; it doth not bless! <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I omit the concluding shlokas, as of very doubtful authenticity.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVII. OF THE  
 BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled “*Sraddhatrayavibhâgayôg*,”  
 Or “*The Book of Religion by the Threefold  
 Kinds of Faith*.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

*Arjuna.* Fain would I better know, Thou  
Glorious One !

The very truth—Heart's Lord !—of *Sannyâs*,  
Abstention ; and Renunciation, Lord !

*Tyâga* ; and what separates these twain !

*Krishna.* The poets rightly teach that *Sannyâs*  
Is the foregoing of all acts which spring  
Out of desire ; and their wisest say  
*Tyâga* is renouncing fruit of acts.

There be among the saints some who have held  
All action sinful, and to be renounced ;  
And some who answer, “ Nay ! the goodly acts—  
As worship, penance, alms—must be performed ! ”  
Hear now My sentence, Best of Bharatas !

’Tis well set forth, O Chaser of thy Foes !  
Renunciation is of threefold form,  
And Worship, Penance, Alms, not to be stayed ;  
Nay, to be gladly done ; for all those three  
Are purifying waters for true souls !

Yet must be practised even those high works  
In yielding up attachment, and all fruit  
Produced by works. This is My judgment, Prince !  
This My insuperable and fixed decree !

Abstaining from a work by right prescribed  
 Never is meet! So to abstain doth spring  
 From "Darkness," and Delusion teacheth it.  
 Abstaining from a work grievous to flesh,  
 When one saith " 'Tis unpleasing!" this is null!  
 Such an one acts from "passion;" nought of  
 gain

Wins his Renunciation! But, Arjun!  
 Abstaining from attachment to the work,  
 Abstaining from rewardment in the work,  
 While yet one doeth it full faithfully,  
 Saying, " 'Tis right to do!" that is "true" act  
 And abstinence! Who doeth duties so,  
 Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed  
 Unflattered, in his own heart justified,  
 Quit of debates and doubts, his is "true" act:  
 For, being in the body, none may stand  
 Wholly aloof from act; yet, who abstains  
 From profit of his acts is abstinent.

The fruit of labours, in the lives to come,  
 Is threefold for all men,—Desirable,  
 And Undesirable, and mixed of both;  
 But no fruit is at all where no work was.

Hear from me, Long-armed Lord! the  
 makings five  
 Which go to every act, in Sâṅkhyâ taught  
 As necessary. First the force; and then  
 The agent; next, the various instruments;  
 Fourth, the especial effort; fifth, the God.  
 What work soever any mortal doth

Of body, mind, or speech, evil or good,  
 By these five doth he that. Which being thus,  
 Whoso, for lack of knowledge, seeth himself  
 As the sole actor, knoweth nought at all  
 And seeth nought. Therefore, I say, if one—  
 Holding aloof from self—with unstained mind  
 Should slay all yonder host, being bid to slay,  
 He doth not slay ; he is not bound thereby !

Knowledge, the thing known, and the mind  
 which knows,  
 These make the threefold starting-ground of act.  
 The act, the actor, and the instrument,  
 These make the threefold total of the deed.  
 But knowledge, agent, act, are differenced  
 By three dividing qualities. Hear now  
 Which be the qualities dividing them.

There is “true” Knowledge. Learn thou it  
 is this :

To see one changeless Life in all the Lives,  
 And in the Separate, One Inseparable.  
 There is imperfect Knowledge : that which sees  
 The separate existences apart,  
 And, being separated, holds them real.  
 There is false Knowledge : that which blindly  
 clings  
 To one as if 'twere all, seeking no Cause,  
 Deprived of light, narrow, and dull, and “dark.”

There is “right” Action : that which—being  
 enjoined—

Is wrought without attachment, passionlessly,  
 For duty, not for love, nor hate, nor gain.  
 There is "vain" Action : that which men pursue  
 Aching to satisfy desires, impelled  
 By sense of self, with all-absorbing stress :  
 This is of *Rajas*—passionate and vain.  
 There is "dark" Action : when one doth a thing  
 Heedless of issues, heedless of the hurt  
 Or wrong for others, heedless if he harm  
 His own soul—'tis of *Tamas*, black and bad !

There is the "rightful" doer. He who acts  
 Free from self-seeking, humble, resolute,  
 Steadfast, in good or evil hap the same,  
 Content to do aright—he "truly" acts.  
 There is th' "impassioned" doer. He that works  
 From impulse, seeking profit, rude and bold  
 To overcome, unchastened ; slave by turns  
 Of sorrow and of joy : of *Rajas* he !  
 And there be evil doers ; loose of heart,  
 Low-minded, stubborn, fraudulent, remiss,  
 Dull, slow, despondent—children of the "dark."

Hear, too, of Intellect and Steadfastness  
 The threefold separation, Conqueror-Prince !  
 How these are set apart by Qualities.

Good is the Intellect which comprehends  
 The coming forth and going back of life,  
 What must be done, and what must not be done,  
 What should be feared, and what should not be  
 feared,

What binds and what emancipates the soul :  
 That is of *Sattwan*, Prince ! of “soothfastness.”  
 Marred is the Intellect which, knowing right  
 And knowing wrong, and what is well to do  
 And what must not be done, yet understands  
 Nought with firm mind, nor as the calm truth is :  
 This is of *Rajas*, Prince ! and “passionate !”  
 Evil is Intellect which, wrapped in gloom,  
 Looks upon wrong as right, and sees all things  
 Contrariwise of Truth. O Pritha’s Son !  
 That is of *Tamas*, “dark” and desperate !

Good is the steadfastness whereby a man  
 Masters his beats of heart, his very breath  
 Of life, the action of his senses ; fixed  
 In never-shaken faith and piety :  
 That is of *Sattwan*, Prince ! “soothfast” and fair !  
 Stained is the steadfastness whereby a man  
 Holds to his duty, purpose, effort, end,  
 For life’s sake, and the love of goods to gain,  
 Arjuna ! ’tis of *Rajas*, passion-stamped !  
 Sad is the steadfastness wherewith the fool  
 Cleaves to his sloth, his sorrow, and his fears,  
 His folly and despair. This—Pritha’s Son !—  
 Is born of *Tamas*, “dark” and miserable !

Hear further, Chief of Bharatas ! from Me  
 The threefold kinds of Pleasure which there be.

Good Pleasure is the pleasure that endures,  
 Banishing pain for aye ; bitter at first  
 As poison to the soul, but afterward

Sweet as the taste of Amrit. Drink of that !  
 It springeth in the Spirit's deep content.  
 And painful Pleasure springeth from the bond  
 Between the senses and the sense-world. Sweet  
 As Amrit is its first taste, but its last  
 Bitter as poison. 'Tis of *Rajas*, Prince !  
 And foul and "dark" the Pleasure is which springs  
 From sloth and sin and foolishness ; at first  
 And at the last, and all the way of life  
 The soul bewildering. 'Tis of *Tamas*, Prince !

For nothing lives on earth, nor 'midst the gods  
 In utmost heaven, but hath its being bound  
 With these three Qualities, by Nature framed.

The work of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaiśyas,  
 And Śudras, O thou Slayer of thy Foes !  
 Is fixed by reason of the Qualities  
 Planted in each :

A Brahman's virtues, Prince

Born of his nature, are serenity,  
 Self-mastery, religion, purity,  
 Patience, uprightness, learning, and to know  
 The truth of things which be. A Kshatriya's  
 pride,

Born of his nature, lives in valour, fire,  
 Constancy, skilfulness, spirit in fight,  
 And open-handedness and noble mien,  
 As of a lord of men. A Vaiśya's task,  
 Born with his nature, is to till the ground,  
 Tend cattle, venture trade. A Śudra's state,  
 Suiting his nature, is to minister.

Whoso performeth—diligent, content—  
 The work allotted him, whate'er it be,  
 Lays hold of perfectness ! Hear how a man  
 Findest perfection, being so content :  
 He findeth it through worship—wrought by  
 work—

Of HIM that is the Source of all which lives,  
 Of HIM by Whom the universe was stretched.

Better thine own work is, though done with  
 fault,  
 Than doing others' work, ev'n excellently.  
 He shall not fall in sin who fronts the task  
 Set him by Nature's hand ! Let no man leave  
 His natural duty, Prince ! though it bear blame !  
 For every work hath blame, as every flame  
 Is wrapped in smoke ! Only that man attains  
 Perfect surcease of work whose work was wrought  
 With mind unfettered, soul wholly subdued,  
 Desires for ever dead, results renounced.

Learn from me, Son of Kunti ! also this,  
 How one, attaining perfect peace, attains  
 BRAHM, the supreme, the highest height of all !

Devoted—with a heart grown pure, restrained  
 In lordly self-control, forgoing wiles  
 Of song and senses, freed from love and hate,  
 Dwelling 'mid solitudes, in diet spare,  
 With body, speech, and will tamed to obey,  
 Ever to holy meditation vowed,  
 From passions liberate, quit of the Self,  
 Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride :

Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking nought—  
 Such an one grows to oneness with the BRAHM ;  
 Such an one, growing one with BRAHM, serene,  
 Sorrows no more, desires no more ; his soul,  
 Equally loving all that lives, loves well  
 Me, Who have made them, and attains to Me.  
 By this same love and worship doth he know  
 Me as I am, how high and wonderful,  
 And knowing, straightway enters into Me.  
 And whatsoever deeds he doeth—fixed  
 In Me, as in his refuge—he hath won  
 For ever and for ever by My grace  
 Th' Eternal Rest ! So win thou ! In thy  
 thoughts

Do all thou dost for Me ! Renounce for Me !  
 Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me !  
 Live in the faith of Me ! In faith of Me  
 All dangers thou shalt vanquish, by My grace ;  
 But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,  
 Thou can'st but perish ! If this day thou say'st,  
 Relying on thyself, “ I will not fight ! ”  
 Vain will the purpose prove ! thy qualities  
 Would spur thee to the war. What thou dost  
 shun,  
 Misled by fair illusions, thou wouldst seek  
 Against thy will, when the task comes to thee  
 Waking the promptings in thy nature set.  
 There lives a Master in the hearts of men  
 Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling-strings,  
 Dance to what tune HE will. With all thy soul  
 Trust Him, and take Him for thy succour, Prince !  
 So—only so, Arjuna !—shalt thou gain—

By grace of Him—the uttermost repose,  
The Eternal Place !

Thus hath been opened thee  
This Truth of Truths, the Mystery more hid  
Than any secret mystery. Meditate !  
And—as thou wilt—then act !

Nay ! but once more  
Take My last word, My utmost meaning have !  
Precious thou art to Me ; right well-beloved !  
Listen ! I tell thee for thy comfort this.  
Give Me thy heart ! adore Me ! serve Me ! cling  
In faith and love and reverence to Me !  
So shalt thou come to Me ! I promise true,  
For thou art sweet to Me !

And let go those—  
Rites and writ duties ! Fly to Me alone !  
Make Me thy single refuge ! I will free  
Thy soul from all its sins ! Be of good cheer !

[Hide, the holy Krishna saith,  
This from him that hath no faith,  
Him that worships not, nor seeks  
Wisdom's teaching when she speaks :  
Hide it from all men who mock ;  
But, wherever, 'mid the flock  
Of My lovers, one shall teach  
This divinest, wisest, speech—  
Teaching in the faith to bring  
Truth to them, and offering  
Of all honour unto Me—  
Unto Brahma cometh he !

Nay, and nowhere shall ye find  
 Any man of all mankind  
 Doing dearer deed for Me ;  
 Nor shall any dearer be  
 In My earth. Yea, furthermore,  
 Whoso reads this converse o'er,  
 Held by Us upon the plain,  
 Pondering piously and fain,  
 He hath paid Me sacrifice !  
 (Krishna speaketh in this wise ! )  
 Yea, and whoso, full of faith,  
 Heareth wisely what it saith,  
 Heareth meekly,—when he dies,  
 Surely shall his spirit rise  
 To those regions where the Blest,  
 Free of flesh, in joyance rest.]

Hath this been heard by thee, O Indian Prince !  
 With mind intent ? hath all the ignorance—  
 Which bred thy trouble—vanished, My Arjun ?  
*Arjuna.* Trouble and ignorance are gone ! the  
 Light

Hath come unto me, by Thy favour, Lord !  
 Now am I fixed ! my doubt is fled away !  
 According to Thy word, so will I do !

*Sanjaya.* Thus gathered I the gracious speech  
 of Krishna, O my King !  
 Thus have I told, with heart a-thrill, this wise  
 and wondrous thing

## BOOK THE EIGHTEENTH 111

By great Vyâsa's learning writ, how Krishna's  
self made known  
The Yôga, being Yôga's Lord. So is the high  
truth shown !  
And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King,  
again  
Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy  
strain,  
Great is my gladness : when I muse that  
splendour, passing speech,  
Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to  
reach  
My marvel and my love and bliss. O Archer-  
Prince ! all hail !  
O Krishna, Lord of Yôga ! surely there shall  
not fail  
Blessing, and victory, and power, for Thy most  
mighty sake,  
Where this song comes of Arjun, and how with  
God he spake.

HERE ENDS, WITH CHAPTER XVIII.,

*Entitled "Mokshasanyâsayôg,"*  
*Or "The Book of Religion by Deliverance and*  
*Renunciation,"*

THE BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ

मुभसस्तु चर्वजगतः

THE END.





